THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 51. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

We will not inflict upon our readers much, if any, samples of the writings which Richard Pigott contributed to the Tory press of England. To do so would be to weary them with the old familiar concoctions about the Parnellites and the Fenians, the Land League and the Invincibles, Home Rule being Separation, and the rest. Pigott knew the taste of his patrons, and he wrote accordingly.

Our chief desire, in this part of our story, is to let the public know that the *Times* was not the only organ of the "classes" which paid money to Pigott for dirty and dastardly work against the Irish leaders and cause. The staid and respectable *Standard*, the aristocratic *Morning Post*, and nearly every other organ of conservatism in London, accepted Pigott's libellous attacks upon Home Rulers and and Leaguers, before Printing House Square began to send him checks.

And notwithstanding these intimate relations between the author of the forged letters and the whole Tory press of London—an intimacy of years—some of them, notably the *St. James Gazette*, had the effrontery to lecture the *Times* for having allowed itself to be deceived by such a character as Richard Pigott. Leading articles, notes, paragraphs by the score, contributed by Pigott to these papers, from 1881 down to 1885, when he became permanently retained in the service of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, are in the possession of the writer, in which the terms of "Parnellism and Crime" are to be found. In fact, it was Pigott's record as a contributing leader-writer and special correspondent to the Tory organs of London which recommended him to the calumny-mongers of the I. L. P. U., and ultimately got for him, from its secretary, Houston, the now historic commission to prepare the materials for "Parnellism and Crime."

In our last issue we gave some correspondence which passed between the *Standard* and Pigott, along with an account of considerable payments which had been made to him for his writings by the great Shoe-lane pillar of orthodox Toryism. We now proceed to supply our readers with many more proofs of the intimacy which existed between the author of the forged letters and the chief organs of the present government.

The *Globe* received a good deal of its anti Home Rule inspiration from the inventive brain of Richard Pigott. His contributions to that journal date back fully nine years, as the following letter will conclusively prove:

THE OLDEST EVENING PAPER, THE "GLOBE" Established 1803. Offices: 367 Strand, W.C., LONDON, Dec. 27, 1881.—*Sir:* At the direction of the editor I beg to hand you check for £1 1s for your letter in today's *Globe*. I may mention, however, that payment is not usually made for contributions of this nature. Yours faithfully,

W. T. MADGE.

R. Pigott, Esq. Per J. C.

From this forward Pigott appeared to be a *persona grata* at the *Globe* office, and his work for that journal brought him a few months later the following substantial reward:

"THE GLOBE" OFFICE, 367 Strand, LONDON, May 8, 1882.—*Sir:* Herewith I have the pleasure to enclose check for £13 12s the amount due for contributions up to date. Kindly acknowledge receipt. Yours faithfully,

W. T. MADGE, Manager.

R. Pigott, Esq.

The *St James Gazette* was another Tory journal which regarded Pigott as a valuable ally in its work of assailing Ireland and her political leaders. On Jan. 24, 1883, the cashier wrote to Pigott in reply to a letter of his, promising him a check at the end of the month, and informing him that that was the time when the *St James Gazette* usually settled with its contributors. The promise was fulfilled as follows:

"ST. JAMES GAZETTE," Dorset st., WHITEFRIARS, E. C., Feb 1, 1883.—The proprietors of the *St. James Gazette* present their compliments to Mr. Pigott, and beg to enclose a check for £13 12s in return for contributions during the month of January, 1883.

The appended two short letters will also be of interest:

"THE ST. JAMES GAZETTE," WHITEFRIARS, E. C., May 7, 1884.—*Dear Sir:* I see that the report about M. Davitt is contradicted, and that the enclosed paper lacks occasion. Yours truly,

F. GREENWOOD.

The second letter reads as follows:

Dear Sir: I return this because in several passages I find that we are not quite in agreement as to Mr. Trevelyan. Truly yours,

F. GREENWOOD.

The only further letter which need be referred to is one from the same office from "Regd. Aplin," giving Pigott certain dates when articles of his appeared in that journal.

The following extracts from Pigott's diary will indicate the kind of work which he performed for the *St James Gazette:*

1883. March 19—Sent Notes.
March 31—1 col. article.
1884. March 17—Sent Notes.
March 25—Sent Notes, Davitt and Harrington.
March 26—Impartial reporting.
March 31—Parnell and £40,000.
April 3—Arrests alleged dynamiters in London.
April 22—Notes on Dynamite.
May 1—On Stephens and Franchise.
May 2—Notes on Gladstone.
May 5—Article on Davitt's Return.
May 27—Leader, "Invincibles and Vigilants."
June 2—Notes, "O'Brien's Fine (3).
June 23—Barbavilla Murder (4).
Aug. 16—Notes, "Boston Conference."
Aug 29—Leader, "A Celebrity at Home."
Aug. 30—Notes, "Justice in Ireland."
Nov 20—Leader and Notes.
Nov. 25—Leader, "Joe Poole."
Nov. 27—Leader, "Earl Spencer."
Nov. 30—Attack on Hussey.

These are only a selection of Pigott's recorded contributions to the *St James Gazette*. It will be noted by our readers that in April, 1883, at the time when "Red Jim" McDermott was busy organizing dynamite plots in Ireland and in London, the other pillar of the Unionist cause, Richard Pigott, was educating the readers of the *St. James Gazette* upon the "Land League origin" of these outrages. And, then, with what hearty Tory relish would the readers of the *St James Gazette* read the articles on "Gladstone and Spencer," not knowing that Richard Pigott was the writer.

We next come to the *Evening News*, another of our Tory contemporaries which, in the palmy days of outrage mongering, obtained a large quantity of its stage-thunder from the veracious and irreprehensible Richard Pigott. The many friends of the popular war correspondent, whose name is appended to the letter below given, will, no doubt, smile at the hearty welcome which he, as the editor at that period of the *Evening News*, gave to the author of "Parnellism and Crime."

"THE EVENING NEWS," Conservative Journal, 13 Whitefriars street, LONDON, E. C., Aug. 21, 1882.—*Dear Mr. Pigott:* I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but as an Irishman myself, I need hardly say your name is very well known to me. Your letters have been very much appreciated, and I propose to have a leader on them. Yours very truly,

CHARLES WILLIAMS, Managing Editor.

No doubt our numerous readers who know the genial war correspondent will read that particular leading article with interest and amusement. On the 10th of November, 1882, the conductors sent a more substantial mark of their favor, couched as follows:

"Contributions up to the 31st of October last, with the editor's compliments." This brief little note enclosed a check for £50 There are some further letters which need not be quoted, except a passage from one dated "28 2, 1884," which runs as follows:

Dear Sir—The editor desires me to inform you that your article has appeared in the *Evening News*, and will be paid for in the usual way on the 10th of next month.

There is not much more definite proof possible than this brief note of Mr. C. J. L. Abbot acknowledging Pigott as a contributor of the sensationalism with which this Tory organ supplied its readers. However, there was rather a stormy passage-at-arms between the chronicler and his journalistic patrons at the *Evening News* when one of the successors of Mr. Williams filled the chair, about the rate of remuneration. A complaint from Pigott on the subject brought a rejoinder from Mr. Frank Harris, who then wielded the editorial blue pencil, to the following:

Dear Sir—I have been obliged to reduce the rate of payment for contributions to the *Evening News*, and the checks sent to you accurately represent the amount due. It is impossible for me to give more, and all my contributors are on precisely the same footing in this respect.

This letter, which is written on the official notepaper, bears date May 15, 1884 However, some further correspondence ensued, but Pigott stuck to his demands with the result which the appended letter will show:

"THE EVENING NEWS," 12 Whitefriar street, LONDON, E. C., June 4, 1884.—*Dear Sir:* The editor has directed me to forward you a check for £6 14s in full settlement of your claims. Your acknowledgment for same will oblige. Faithfully yours,

ALFRED HUMPHREYS.

R. Pigott, Esq., 17 Vesey place, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

Pigott's diary records the following among the many contributions which he made to the *Evening News* (now the *Evening News and Post*):

1884, March 16—Sent leader "Irish Patriots and their Parties."
March 23—Sent leader "Parnellism."
March 27—Sent leader "Irish Rival."
April 1—Leader on "Dynamiters and Assassination."
April 4—Leader on "Invincibles."
April 13—Article "Late Arrests, Dynamiters in London."
April 16—Leader "Parnellites at Loggerheads."
April 20—Article, "Incidents in Ireland."
April 28—Irish Republicans.
April 30—Notes, "Gladstone for Mayo."
May 4—Notes, "Gladstone and Home Rule."
May 9—Notes, "League Conventions."
May 15—Notes, Parnellites.
June 6—Two leaders.
Nov. 23—Leader and Notes.

Pigott can have found little if any fault with the payment which these journals made for his work. The *St James Gazette* remitted him a total of £133 2s 6d for ten months' contributions alone.

Another Tory journal which retained Pigott as a contributor of anti-Irish matter was *Vanity Fair*. The following is a letter which will clearly prove this:

"VANITY FAIR," LONDON, W. C.—The editor of *Vanity Fair* presents his compliments to Mr. Pigott and begs leave to say that the article forwarded on the 19th inst. is in type and will probably appear in the issue of *Vanity Fair* for the 30th inst.

12 Tavistock street, Covent Garden, 20th September, 1882.

In another letter the subject of one of the contributions will of itself indicate what kind of literature these Tory journals looked to Pigott for. It runs as follows:

"VANITY FAIR," LONDON, W. C.—The editor begs leave to thank Mr. Pigott for his article, "The History of an Irish Assassination," as well as for an article previously sent.

Both these articles will be published if space allows, but it is impossible to say beforehand whether space will allow of it. If published, they will be paid for as usual.

If, however, Mr. Pigott prefers to have the articles returned rather than run the risk of their being excluded by want of space from *Vanity Fair*, they will be returned to him on his expressing his desire.

It is necessary to add that the editor cannot undertake to return articles sent to him, and which from any reason he is unable to use; and that it must be understood that in doing so it is done as a special matter entirely.

19th December, 1882.

The appreciation of the editor for Pigott's services is shown by his "begging leave" to thank him, and undertaking to pay for the articles, whether used or not. To that letter the following reply was sent:

17 VESEY PLACE, KINGSTOWN, Dec. 14, 1882.—*Dear Sir:* I thank you very much for your courteous letter of yesterday. I am quite content to take the risk of my articles appearing, therefore will not trouble you to return them. I will also bear in mind what you say in respect to other articles which I may send not being returnable. I am, dear sir, faithfull yours, RICHARD PIGOTT.

The Editor of Vanity Fair.

The following letter from the Dublin correspondent of the *Times* will prove interesting to some of our Dublin readers. It will be remembered by those who care to recollect anything of the proceedings of the Parnell Commission, that the *Times* folk pretended they knew nothing of Richard Pigott until Houston told Mr. Soames of him some time in 1887.

"THE DAILY EXPRESS," 28 Parliament st., DUBLIN, July 27, 1883.—*Dear Sir:* The reason your letter was not published was frankly this. Your first letter, to which Mr. O'Connor (Mr. James O'Connor, of *United Ireland*) replied, contained a statement which certainly, should it not be true, is bordering closely on a libel, if not actually libellous, but as between two newspapers I do not think there is much danger of an action, and as to a successful action I have no misgivings. The case, however, is different when it affects an individual only, or rather two individuals, especially one who has received an appointment of which he ought to be deprived if the charge is pressed. To repeat the charge would be to compel him to take proceedings, and there is quite trouble enough in a daily paper without having to fight an action of the kind out of which there is neither gain nor glory to be won. O'Connor also might have his fling at us, and though it might not be hard to justify the statement, it would not be worth the trouble. A slight modification of the statement about making martyrs of convicted murderers would have made it safe, and I was sorry it was not modified, as I should like quite as much as yourself to expose the double-faced impostor of which Dr. Sigerson is a type. Yours faithfully,

G. V. PATTON.

P. S.—There is nothing to show that Dr. S. is now the editor, although he may be reasonably suspected of being, and the *Irishman* is much milder than *United Ireland*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INFAMY REWARDED.

The release of Patrick Delany, the Invincible, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in 1883 for an attempt to assassinate the late Judge Lawson, is one of the many proofs which have accumulated during and after the Parnell Commission of the complicity of the government in the *Times* case against the Irish leaders. To those who can, or care to, recall the incidents of the Commission, Delany's personality and evidence will readily be remembered. It transpired that he was visited by Mr. Shannon, an agent from the *Times*, in Maryborough Prison, who told the convict he came as a "Crown solicitor." Delany made a statement to Shannon, which was, practically, the evidence he gave subsequently as a witness before the Commission. He swore that all the forged letters which purported to have been written by Mr. Patrick Egan were genuine; that Mr. Egan and Mr. Thomas Brennan were "leaders of the Invincibles"; that Land League money was paid to Invincibles; and, in a word, testified to almost all the infamies which the *Times* attempted to bring home to the Land League. Not a single word of his glaring perjury was credited by the Commission. The judges acquitted the respondents on all those counts which Delany's evidence was purchased to prove. His was the testimony which was to corroborate Pigott's forgery!

It was plain to all who saw and heard this self confessed scoundrel in the witness box that he was swearing for his liberty. He counted upon a reward from his gaolers for his services to the *Times*, and, though the price of his perjury has been tardily paid, he has received it at last. His release did not come as soon as he expected. The following letter addressed by the Maryborough prison officials, to D. H. Carte, Esq., M. D., J. P., Royal Hospital Kilmainham, Dublin, was written by Delany shortly after having given evidence for the *Times:*

SEPT. 5, 1889.—To DR CARTE, J. P., &c., MILITARY ROAD, KINGSBRIDGE, DUBLIN, OR ELSEWHERE.—*Honorable Doctor:* I most humbly and respectfully request now, after my long years of imprisonment, that you will see the promises which was gave to me fulfilled. All other men who has been produced as Crown witnesses was liberated. I am kept in prison now going on seven years. You know I have done all that any man could do, hoath given important information and as a witness

Still, the exception is made with me. I am kept in prison and persecuted. I petitioned several times and got no reply. I never thought that the government would treat me in such a way, or that an honorable gentleman like you would allow it after all the promises which you gave to me.

I have done all which you asked me to do honestly and faithfully, and still I am persecuted.

Honorable Doctor, all I ask is that you will fulfill the promises which you made to me, not only for my sake, but for the sake of my poor wife and children. I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

PATRICK DELANY.

Maryborough Prison.

The "Dr. Carte," who was thus appealed to, is, or was until recently, one of Balfour's Irish prison officials. He has at last redeemed his promise to Delany. The *Times* has succeeded in getting one of its chief witnesses rewarded, and the chief secretary may be congratulated upon having given effect to the concordat which Shannon, Carte and Co. made with the would be murderer of Judge Lawson.

And while a convicted assassin is permitted to walk out of prison as a reward for his perjured evidence against Irish leaders, Featherstone, Flanagan, Dalton, and others, who were enticed into bogus dynamite plots by a Dublin Castle agent and the use of secret service funds, are left in penal servitude. Verily is infamy rewarded. Barrabas is the choice of our rulers.—*Labor World.*

The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

"HY-BRASAIL."

Miss Banim Continues Her Description of the Wild Arran Islands.

A Beautiful Mirage that has Lured Many Fishermen to Destruction.

OBLIGING VILLAGERS.

Very poor the people and very poor the houses are in Killeany, but, like all the Arran folk, the villagers are gentle and ready to oblige. One fine boy left a cabin to show us the way to another we were in search of, and both he and the baby he carried on his back were so bright and rosy I could not help asking what they lived on to get such rosy cheeks. Fish and potatoes, the child said. At the cabin sought for was one of the most wretched looking poor women I have ever seen—not old, but aged from sickness and pitiably ugly—partly idiotic from birth, deaf, deformed and half blind. She had no relative in the world, I understood, whose duty it would be to provide for her, but "of course the neighbors cared for and helped her along out of the little they had." Here was a practical lesson in charity. The previous year had been one of such continued drought on the islands that the entire crops had failed, and famine must have carried off half the people had not benevolence come to their assistance, yet this poor, helpless, useless creature had been cared and watched over by her half-starving neighbors. There was no use in trying to speak with the poor creature, for, even were she not deaf, she knew no English. But it was not so with our next acquaintance; she had not much English, to be sure, but what she lacked was replaced by gestures so eloquent that there was little need of an interpreter. And here again I found an example of the Christian kindliness of the poor to each other. This old woman had buried all her children; her husband had died in their young days; she could no longer work, for old age and rhumatism had made her almost a cripple, yet she too was the adopted of the poor, and never was left without the day's food. She was not from this part of the island, but from the other end where the chapel stands, and one of her sorrows was that she could never again go such a distance to hear mass on Sundays. But, sure as the Sunday was fine, she dragged her old limbs up to the holy mass rock and the blessed well, above there on the hill. Never in her whole life had she been away from the Arran Islands—never farther from home than the South Island, and that was many a long day ago. The poor old woman was highly pleased to have a talk, and came to sit by the water's edge close to the ruined

FORT OF ARDKIN.

Of this fort there now remains but a portion of the wall rising immediately out of the bay. It is of quite modern construction (for Arran), having been built in the time of Elizabeth and fortified later on, in Cromwell's day, to render it capable of resisting the attack of troops from the mainland. To strengthen Ardkin, the soldiers destroyed several of the group of churches that stood not far from the spot, and also partially pulled down a round tower, of which there are yet some remains. The old fort now only serves to keep the storm away from a few miserably poor cabins built on its sunny side.

Being now sufficiently rested, we resumed our explorings by beginning the ascent of the hill right in front of us. When about half way up we came suddenly on a spot such as I could never have dreamt of seeing in this stony region—an emerald belt of land, carpeted by a soft, rich grass that felt like velvet under our feet. This narrow, verdant plateau continues for a space to wind along the side of the hill; above and below are the eternal rocks, but rocks so richly decorated with wild flowers that even their ragged faces began to grow lovely in my eyes, so tenderly did the graceful vines and blossoms seem to encircle them with love and beauty. Certainly there is a strange charm about the whole place—a charm that seems gradually to throw a kind of fascination over the mind, and that makes one almost feel as if in some enchanted land. The clear and balmy air; the quiet of the people, who have something of the stillness of a lonely place in their ways and manners, yet have nothing whatever approaching to sadness in either; the beauties of sea, of sky, of bold, rugged cliff scenery which nature has lavished around, as if to divert the eye and mind away from the awful sterility of the islands themselves—all combine to make what the saints of old appear to have found the Arran Isles—happy and peaceful retreats from the cares and temptations of the world.

THE ANGELS' WALK.

"This is the 'Angels' Walk,'" said Mary as we stood upon the soft green sward, "and it's here the guardian angels of Arren come, of a summer's night, to take their diversion."

It is a sweet spot the angels have chosen, this long path of velvety turf, whereon they may walk, side by side, and look abroad over the wide sunlit bay until they come to the old mass rock and the holy well of St. Edna (or St. Enda), which terminates this veritable oasis in the desert of stone. The mass rock is a rude stone altar, covered with a large slab; standing upright at the back of the altar table is a smaller slab on which is traced a cross; beside this a holy well, whose waters are clear and limpid, is roofed in with a long flag, the whole wreathed above and around with trailing briars, woodbine, wild vines, and drooping ferns. Here, in former days, mass was said, and here the people still come to offer up their prayers and take a draught of the blessed waters of St. Enda's well, a shell for this use lying on the altar stone. I thought a lovelier church in which to worship the Creator of this beautiful world could scarcely be found than this lonely spot, hallowed by so many sacred memories.

From the "Angels' Walk" and St. Enda's well we climbed the remainder of the rocky hill, our path leading zig zag—hither and thither—over the flags then through the curious stone walls until we reached, on the highest point of the island, "Teampull Benain," the ruin of what is said to be one of the oldest Christian churches in western Europe; a very small and simple structure, of the early order of Christian architecture. A peculiarity of this little oratory is that it lies north and south, contrary to the almost universal custom observed in the building of churches. The gables and walls of Teampull Benain are still in a good state of preservation; in one of the side walls—the western—is a stone curiously large in proportion with the size of the building; this stone measures four feet by four, while the length of the church is but fifteen feet one inch.

Immediately behind Teampull Benain are the remains of a house supposed to have been the dwelling of St. Benignus, and to have been built in the fifth century. It is a strong stone building, with portions of the walls of small square cells adjoining. In the shelter of this dwelling we sat down to gaze on the lovely view spread around and to have a good chat with our guide about whatever should come to our minds, for I found that the only way to learn anything of the real thoughts and feelings of the people was just to let subjects come of themselves, and leave catechisings alone. So we

RESTED IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD HOUSE

that had seen so many centuries come and go, and looked out on the very same scenes that had charmed the eyes of the warlike Firbolgs three thousand years ago—of the Christian recluses of the earliest days of Christianity in Ireland—and of the many generations of Celts inhabiting these curious islands up to this very hour. The wide Atlantic rolled in and in, and, foaming and beating along by the farthest of the islands, dashed in feathery spray high up the walls of the cliffs of Moher opposite. Far to south—faint outlines on the horizon—we could just discern the Brandon Hill in Kerry, so named after St. Brandon the navigator, whose oratory is still to be seen on the summit of that mountain from whose base the saint embarked on his famous seven years' voyage on the Atlantic. To the west the long line of sea, every wave sparkling in the brilliant sunlight; to the east, the Bay of Galway stretched in between the high headlands of Clare on one hand, and the low Connemara and Galway shores on the other. All around us were the ruins that spoke of ages past, while below at our feet the quiet life of the primitive Arran people went on—much as it had gone on during those same centuries—dividing our attention, as the way of life is, between majestic scenery, remains of a far-away time that brought thoughts of an existence almost mystic in its holy isolation, and the simple everyday comings and goings in the hamlet below. We watched a poor woman toiling up from the beach, her back bent under a load of seaweed which she proceeded to spread out on the rocks as soon as she had got some distance from the water. This seaweed was the snow white carrageen moss, found here in great purity. The women and children collect it at low tide, bring it up, and carefully spread it out in sun to dry and bleach; when prepared, it is sold on the mainland, where it is used for various purposes, the calendering of chintzes, muslins, etc., being one of its uses. It takes a great deal of labor to collect a stone of the carrageen moss, yet the prices these poor people get for it is only from fourpence to sixpence per stone. But they are willing to work for almost any wages; the pity is that there are so few industries that they can follow, owing to the isolated situation of the islands, and the want of residents of a class who could give employment or encourage any regular industries, by which the women might be helped on and stimulated to something beyond their present life of half occupation.

"HY BRASAIL."

While we rested in this lovely spot a most beautiful appearance on the sea—the effect of the sun on a passing shower some miles off—brought to our minds "Hy-Brasail," the enchanted land seen from the northwest extremity of the island, as Mary assured us. As we watched it seemed to us as if a flood of rose colored oil covered a part of the sea; this rosy color moved along, then slowly arose, like a cloud in the air, turning, after a few minutes, to a brilliant green, and so moved onwards until it neared the cliffs of Moher, when it again settled down on the waters and once more spread out like a crimson flood. As our eyes followed the beautiful appearance in air and sea, Mary told us of the "Land of the Blest," which for ages has now and again been seen on the western horizon. This land of perpetual happiness and youth has often been seen far out in the ocean, shining in the morning sun, its castles and houses, its woods and valleys looking so enticing in the golden light that, in years gone by, many and many a fisherman has sailed out in his corrach to seek the lovely land that lay before him on the horizon, as if but a few miles off. But as he rowed further and further, so the land receded before him, until at last, as suddenly as the sun sinks in the west the glorious vista faded from his eyes, and night found the bewildered fishermen vainly seeking for a trace of the beauteous vision that had lured him on. The fate of the fisherman was never known to the friends he left behind, for those who sought "Hy-Brasail" were never more seen on land.

The West of Ireland is full of these legends, that of "Hy-Brasail," and also the legend of "Fir na n Oge," or the Land of Youth, growing out of the fact that at times a mirage is seen far out to westward; it usually represents a lovely country, an island of surpassing beauty, which suddenly seems to arise out of the sea, appearing as distinct and real as the opposite coast of Connemara.

Being well rested by this time, we rose and, returning by the Angels' Walk, bent our steps towards

THE CENTRE OF THE ISLAND.

As we walked along the oasis of green turf we passed a man dressed in a rather shabby black suit, and reading diligently as he went along—a stranger, our companion said, who must be a pilgrim to the holy places and under a vow of silence, "for he came over in a hooker from Clare, and never a word he spoke to anyone on board the whole way. Nor has he been ever heard to speak by the people he is lodging with; he just leaves money to the woman of the house and she gets what food he uses, but, though they tried him many a time, no one could get a word from him one way or another. He is just quiet an' decent an' for ever reading."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

EXCESSIVE MORAL STUPIDITY.

[*To the Editor.*]

SANTA MARIA, Cal., Dec. 8.—Is there no hand to save Ireland from the stupidity of its own leaders? no intelligence powerful enough to expose the artifices of its enemies? Is it ever to be a recurring fact that the mistaken zeal of its own patriots, gulled by a false sense of morality, should give the death blow to their own hopes of success and turn the united action of Ireland's most gifted men into feudalistic contention? Have the Tory leaders of Great Britain ever raised their voices against the immoral habits of the Prince of Wales? Has society ever attempted to ostracise him for his laxity of morals, which are fresh in the memories of the people? Despite the so called eccentricities of queen Victoria is she not called "the Good"? when her meanness and other qualities are known to be detestable.

Was any monarch ever deposed on account of his amours, or snubbed for his licentiousness by his followers? If Parnell has been weak in his affections, possibly under most extenuating circumstances, which he cannot in honor explain, has he not been remarkably true to his first and greatest love—the cause of Ireland and humanity? Is he not now suffering every calumny for its sake, and is he not, with Spartan devotion to the cause, clinging to the helm, because he knows himself best fitted to steer it through the dangers which beset it from the subtle and treacherous attacks of insidious foes? What has his one single act of frailty to do with his political life and usefulness? Is his life not wedded to the interests of the people rather than to any living woman; and if he claims fealty to his first great and noble love, and manfully confesses his error, shall he be spurned from the object of his life's choice, and his great usefulness lost to the people forever, and this to satisfy a false sentiment raised by his enemies, and so called Liberals who are at heart Irish haters, and English monarchists? Can no touch of inspiration from the many martyred dead influence the misguided action of the noble men for good who have struggled together so manfully for success? Among Mr. Parnell's accusers are there none who are even more culpable than he? Must the interests of the Irish race be sacrificed to a false moral cry raised by his defamers? The political aspirants of factions know full well that Parnell's genius and integrity are unassailable. Through the darkest hours of uncertainty and personal peril he has stood the test of invulnerability, and has equally resisted the blandishments of political diplomacy and offers of preferment.

A united Irish party, acting with the radical element daily increasing in proportions, can successfully cope against either of the two leading political parties in Great Britain; and to break such a unit no means, however low or contemptible, will be left untried. Coercion, imprisonment and slander have signally failed in their devilish work, until now a more subtle and dangerous cry is raised, which appeals to the finer and more susceptible feelings of the Irish people, and places the moral qualities of a patriot in juxtaposition to his other excellent virtues as a leader and exponent of political and religious liberty. Were the morals of Napoleon or Wellington questioned when they led their respective armies to success, or is genius of any kind selected on purely moral grounds?

Parnell is a necessity of the hour, and were he a sinner he is doing the work of a just God. The end justifies the means, and I would respectfully appeal to all lovers of liberty, irrespective of race, to close their serried ranks in unison ere their act be irretrievable and the success they have attained be torn from their grasp by enemies who pose as friends. By dividing the Irish party it would increase the English Liberal majority at the next general elections, and a policy formulated which would give the Unionists an honorable chance to re-enter the fold. The present Liberal party cannot break its compact with Parnell, but he once deposed the party and will be again isolated and fighting a separate cause against Tory and Liberal. ENGLISH CHARTIST.

Did you ever buy a horse and not have some misgivings as to his points till they were fully tested? Not so with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; you may be sure of it at the start. It never disappoints those who give it a fair and persistent trial.

THE USUAL treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MIDNIGHT ON THE SEA.

Redmond did not turn up next day. A strange hand came instead. Why the change was made Eugene could not learn.

And so, to his infinite surprise, it continued for many torturing days and nights.

But one evening, some weeks after, he was quite surprised to see the welcome face of his friend again at the entrance to his prison chamber.

"Redmond!" cried Eugene, delightedly.

"Hush!" said his friend, placing his finger on his lip.

Eugene looked at him and quickly recognized that there was something secret and important in his manner and bearing.

"We are now at anchor," said Redmond hurriedly.

"Yes. I know—but where?"

"Off the Wexford coast. Listen! We must contrive to escape tonight."

"Tonight."

"Yes. I cannot stand it any longer. I am tortured with anxieties about Helen and Seamore. Ever since we were last speaking, the desire to get back has grown on me more and more. I cannot sleep without unhappy dreams about both. I am in constant trouble about it. Come weal or woe, I shall escape—or try it—tonight."

"And I shall join you."

"Do you think you would able?" asked Redmond, with intense anxiety.

"I have been nursing my strength for this occasion. If the idea of escaping has been growing upon you, it has grown with ten-fold power and strength upon me. I am ready."

"Then we shall try at midnight."

"But how?—Redmond, be careful!"

"Look here, Eugene. This port-hole," pointing to one which became visible to Eugene's eyes through the opened door—"this port-hole shall be left open. Under it rocks a small boat—you understand?—We may not be heard, or, if heard, they may take it as one of the boats going ashore. Will you be able to make the attempt?"

"Trust me, I shall," was the confident reply of the prisoner, who felt already the strength mounting in his heart, and the blood coursing with fresh vigor in his veins, as he thought of escape and freedom.

"Not a sound, until then; but keep awake and vigilant," and, closing the door softly, Redmond reascended on deck.

The minutes seemed hours and the hours years as Eugene lay with palpitating heart awaiting the next coming of his friend.

How long the dusk seemed falling! How long until complete darkness had descended! How eagerly he listened to every distant footfall, to every creaking noise in the huge ship, in expectation of the summons!

As he waited and waited in anxious expectancy, how wearily and slowly the hours appeared to drag themselves along. It seemed to him at last as if it must be near daylight and that Redmond's heart had failed him, or that unknown circumstances had compelled him to abandon the attempt—when suddenly, the sound of a muffled step fell on his ear, and the door slowly opened.

"Eugene!"

The whisper fell on his excited attention and hearing with the distinctness of a trumpet sound.

"Yes; I'm ready—Redmond—I am ready."

He felt almost as if his whisper could be heard on deck.

"Slip off your boots and follow me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Eugene, complying with the order, stood beside him.

They moved toward the open port-hole.

As they did so, Eugene moved against a cutlass that some negligent hand had laid over the trunnion of a gun. It fell, and the echoes on their startled ears seemed to ring with the force of a broadside.

They paused a moment until the echoes had died away and until they satisfied themselves that no attention had been created thereby.

"For the love of heaven, Eugene, be careful!" whispered Redmond, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "I shall go first. I know better the way, and where the boat lies."

He crept cautiously through the port-hole, head foremost.

How long the operation seemed to Eugene watching behind. And what a throb of rejoicing came to his heart as he saw him cling to a rope outside and disappear!

He immediately prepared to follow his friend's example. He had got his head through far enough to see the dark waste of waters around and the indistinct form of his companion standing on the poop of the boat beneath.

A voice in command suddenly rang out on the deck above.

For a moment he feared they had been discovered, and drew back instinctively.

It was only the command of the officer relieving the second watch. Eugene knew that this would be a time of more or less confusion on deck, and therefore favorable to their attempt.

He crept out once more, laid hold on the rope that depended from the side of the ship, and with a quickness and agility begotten of his experience on board the French ship, quickly slid down, and was soon standing beside his companion.

"That was well done," was the whisper in his ear. "For your life now not a word. Lie down in the bottom. I shall skull her softly out."

Eugene did as he was desired. Redmond, placing his oar against the side of the vessel that seemed to lift herself like a mountain above them, sent the little skiff spinning noiselessly through the water. Then with his hand he paddled her some distance so noiselessly that Eugene, lying in the bottom of the boat, could scarcely hear the sound.

They had in this manner get a considerable length from the vessel—so far, indeed, that Eugene, lifting his head to the rowlocks, could barely see her in the darkness, looming like a huge spectral figure on the breast of the waters.

Over the darkness suddenly a trumpet sound rang out!

"Jump to your oar, Eugene! Quick!" said Redmond, in hurried tones. "We have been discovered. There's the signal. For your life, man!—quick!"

The bugle rang a second time before Eugene was able to get his oar into position. He had some difficulty in getting it from under the seat; he had a further difficulty in getting it into the rowlock, the clanking iron of which made a considerable noise.

Meantime they could hear by the calls and cries and other noises on board the distant vessel that there was considerable running about; and lights flitting to and fro hurriedly appeared on her decks.

"Don't make so much noise, Eugene, but pull with all your strength. Pull for your very life! They are launching other boats. See!"

A red sheet of flame burst out from the side of the ship, and long before the report reached them a shower of grape struck the water near, throwing up a column of spray.

"That was a random shot attracted by the noise, Eugene; but how near it was to doing its work! Pull! the tide is with us, and they will hardly find us out in the darkness."

It needed no words of encouragement or command to make Eugene bend on his oar. Freedom and liberty were before him—imprisonment and bondage behind. He was from long habit a skilful oarsman; and while his eyes watched the many moving lights on the deck of the vessel, betokening the haste that was made to put after them, the little skiff flew along the water in obedience to their nervous and vigorous strokes.

"How far have we to row to land, Redmond?" he asked.

"Three or four miles; but there is no use running in close at once. They will sweep inwards along the shore looking for us. There is an island further up for which I think we should make—that, or pull nor'ards keeping this distance out."

"The latter will be, I think, the best plan; we had better keep pulling whilst the tide is with us."

By degrees the lights on the ship grew dimmer as the distance from her increased.

Occasionally a cry of some seabird or a noise borne from afar came on their ears, startling them into the belief that the pursuing boats were on their track, and they leant on their oars in breathless suspense to ascertain if their fears were well grounded. Finding they were not, they pulled on again vigorously, until, after the lapse of a couple of hours, they had so far increased their distance from the vessel that her lights were invisible.

"We are approaching land," said Eugene, as the noise of the surf came on his ears, and he turned his head around, to look over his shoulder.

"So we are," said his companion, looking around also; "this must be the island I told you of. The Thunderer passed it up and down repeatedly recently."

"What shall we do now?"

"We are safe here for awhile. Their boats must have made for the shore in the belief that we would have rowed straight therefor also."

"Shall we remain here?"

"Yes, I think so; for some time at least. We are a long time from daylight yet. We can get out here and rest our legs. I am perfectly crippled with sitting so tight in this little boat."

"And I, too," said his companion. "But are we safe?"

"There are nooks along these cliffs that they would find it perfectly impossible in the dark to find their way into, or in which to discover our boat. Besides, they would never dream that we should make for this place with the shore so much nearer and safer."

"Very well; pull alone, then. I shall be glad of room to stand up."

"Steady, now, Eugene—we are in the surf. A little this way! Now!—we are in deep water again. We are right under the cliffs. There is a little bay here, apparently. Easy, Eugene—back water. Here we are; nothing could be better."

"Nothing," said Eugene, as the boat, swinging around a projecting cliff, ran into a little narrow but completely land-locked harbor, with high precipitous cliffs projecting thereover. 'It was specially marked out for the safety of fugitive British seamen," added he, laughing.

"I am glad to see you in such spirits, Eugene," said Redmond, as he stepped out on the narrow fringe of strand, covered with heaps of seaweed, beaten in by the waves.

"He should be more dull of heart and gloomy of disposition than I am who would not rejoice at escaping from the Thunderer, and the long captivity that lay beyond her. This, indeed, is liberty—I never really felt what freedom was before," he said, as he stepped out, threw up his arms, and drew himself to his full height.

"And by the way," said Redmond, as he suddenly placed his hand on his breast, here is—is it not wonderful I never thought of it during our long row?—something that will add to our sense of relief."

"What is it?"

"A flask of brandy——"

"No!"

"Nothing less."

"Well, God bless whoever invented that precious liquor. I think it never came to more parched lips before."

"But that is not all."

"I think it must be all," said Eugene facetiously—the airy character of his French nature developing itself at once. "I fancy at this moment the world possesses nothing more valuable."

"Except these—cigars."

GAELIC POETRY.

Medine Noctis Constitium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN DARA HOINN.

Mo sgannradh sgéil gan féith am chroidhe air,
Cíann do theacht chugham tar éis na h-oidheche,
Mo chuibhdid aufadh, ainigidh, sgéilta,
Bunóe ceangailte, 's bean an tighe breoighte,
Pusóid leacaighthe air smeachaidighe teó 'co,
'S cuingeóg bhainge dá greada le fórsa.
Bhí muilach air lan-mhias, báu-bhiadh 's sidiere air,
Ag Murrainn Ní Chéimliath, beann-Hagh an chrúta,
Bhí cóisté cruinnighthe ag tuille dam chomhar,
Cois na teine a siosarnach damhsa.
Sgaoilid cogar a bh-fogas dam' éisteacht.
Mile moladh le solas na scéilse!
Bioch nach baileach a d'aibig an chré so,
Chidhim-sí an t-athair 'na sheasamh na chéadfach,
A bh-faiceann tu Shadhbh aru! luigheadh a ghéagadh,
A dhelibh gan drainn,—a bhoil 'sa mhéaradh,
Cumas na lámh,—'s dánacht cóirne,
Cuma na g-cnámh,—'s fás na feóla.
Do cheapadar cruinn gur shíolradh an duthchas,
Máise mo ghnaol, 'gus foghar mo ghnúise,
Filleadh mo shrón 's lóradh m'eadain,
Deiseacht mo chíodh, me shuódh, 'gus m'féachain,
Leagadh mo shúl 's fiú mo ghaire,
'S as san do shiúbhail o chúl go sála é.
Ambarc na radhare ní bh-faghainn do'n chréice,
Is baileach, gan liaghas, do mhilfeadh gaoth e,
Ag cuideachta an teaghlaig bh-feidhil mo chaochta,
Siolladh da luighead ní bh-faghainn do'n chréatúli.
Do labhras garg, 's d'agras Iosa,
Is toiltadh, garbh, do bhagaras "Griosach,"
D'fhógras fearg le H-ainbhfios cainte,
'S as dóith gur chreathadar cailleacha an reomham
Le leisge an achrainn leagadar chúgham é.
Beir go h-aireach air, seachán ná brúthaig é?
Is furas é shuathadh,—luaisg go réig é!
Turrainn do fuair sí,—ruaig roimh rae é.
Seachain ná fáiag é! fág na luighe é!
Is gairid an bás do, is geárr do radhaigh se,
Dá maireach go lá 'sa bheith siáu a g-clóidh.
An sagart le fágail, nior bh-feárr bheith beó.
Do bhaineas an t-snuim dá chuibhreach cumhddig,
'S bhreithin mé cruinn é siute air ghidin liom,
Dar murach, d'airig me tathagach teann e,
Fuair me feargach, fearsadach, lúinneach,
Láidir, leathan, mo leanbh na ghuailie,
Sála daingeana, 's ann-chuid gruaige air,
Achluasa cruinnighthe 's ingnidhe fásta,
Chruadh-dar uillionnadh, a caroibh 's a chnámhnadh,
'S d'airigh mé a ghidine iúthmhar láidir,
Colleádhan cumasach, cuisleanach, córach,
Fuiltáin, fuinneamhach, fuiangach, feóimhar.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

"You don't really say so. You are an angel of deliverance, Redmond. You are indeed. It is not an able seaman before the mast but high admiral of the English fleet they should have made you."

"I am not very ambitious of that either But here, take something—a little to refresh and strengthen you. You must need it very much. We have a long row yet before we touch land, and Heaven knows how we may fare then."

"Leave that to Heaven. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and sufficient for the present that we have escaped from the Thunderer. And now for a cigar. How shall we light?"

"I have provided that, too. Here are flint and fusee."

"Good again. How long is it since my lips were blessed with the fragrant weed! I feel like a giant refreshed. I could keep the oar going without ceasing until daylight."

"You will need all your strength and vigor," said Redmond, as they stretched on the strand to circulate the blood in their stiffened limbs. "We have a long row before us."

"The longer the better if it will but put us further away from the ships his majesty's line-of-battle ship Thunderer. We shall find friends on shore, I warrant you. French officers are not unwelcome visitors on Irish soil at present."

"I believe you are right—I thought of that," said Redmond, pausing in his exertions. "And that being so," he continued, "I daresay the best plan is to get to land as speedily as possible."

"I think so," said Eugene cheerfully. "Who knows how soon fate and good fortune may bring us to Seamore?"

"It is almost too much good luck to hope for. And that puts me in mind, Eugene, of the conversation we had on the occasion of our first strange meeting on the Thunderer. I have often thought of your words since. And, what is more—I am almost inclined to agree with what you said of Mortimer."

"Say not almost, but quite, Redmond. I too have thought over the matter since, and I have come to the conclusion that he is at the foot of our misfortunes."

"What motive could he have?"

"It is hard to fathom any man's motive's. It is difficult to get at the inner life of any man; but that he——"

"Hush!" said Redmond in a tremulous whisper, laying his hand hurriedly on the other's shoulder.

"What is it?" whispered Eugene, after a pause of dead silence in which neither scarcely breathed.

"I heard a voice whilst you were speaking."

They listened again for a considerable time.

"Your ears deceived you, Redmond," whispered his companion. "There is no boat on the waters near us. It was your immigration."

"Perhaps it was—but I certainly thought I heard a voice calling."

"It must have been the spirit of some drowned fisherman or sailor, then," said Eugene, unbelievingly, as, after cautiously walking to the projecting rock, and looking around it, he returned to where his friend stood, "for there is not a living thing to be seen around."

"I am quite certain I heard it. A weak voice calling or moaning."

"If you did it was no living voice."

"By Jove, Eugene, I feel quite an eerie feeling creeping down by back. I suppose my anxiety led me astray. Still!——By heavens! there it is again. Did you hear it?"

"Yes," said Eugene, quite as startled as his companion, "I heard it. Somewhere near us, too."

"Yet there is no one near us."

"No, there is nothing around but the cliffs."

"It is very singular."

"Very," said Eugene solemnly."

They listened for a short time.

Again the voice came. It was the weak voice of one in great agony.

"By heavens, Redmond," said Eugene, "it comes from the seaweed. From that heap yonder. It is some drowning person the tide has washed in."

"I believe you are right," said Redmond, moving quickly towards the spot.

"Good God! Eugene come here?" cried he, as he bent down. "It is a girl buried in the seaweed. Come here—come quick!"

Going there, Eugene saw indistinctly what his companion had seen before him—the form of a girl lying on the masses of seaweed. Her dress was black, and as she lay with her face apparently buried in the soft mass under her, she was undistinguishable, in the darkness, from the surroundings.

"Heavens! how could she have come here? She breathes!—she is living, but unconscious! What could have happened her?"

"I'll tell you how it is, Eugene," said Redmond, as he assisted to lift the senseless form of the girl, and turned her bruised and bleeding face upwards; "she has fallen from the cliffs. Her life was saved by falling on this mass of seaweed, else she should have been dashed to pieces. It was the providence of God that sent us here to save her. Merciful heavens!" he added, as he glanced at the precipice above him, steep as the wall of a house, "what a fall the unfortunate girl must have had!"

"Her face is cut and bleeding, too, poor thing. Heaven help her! what a frightful accident must have happened here! What shall we do? Have you anything left in the flask?"

"A little, but sufficient for the purpose. Hold her in your arms, Eugene, for a moment."

Redmond poured, as well as he could in the the gloom and darkness that surrounded them, a few drops of the liquor into her parted lips. The light barely afforded him power to do so. An answering pulse of life through her form rewarded his efforts, and reassured him that it had not been wholly quenched.

"What shall we do, Redmond? This poor creature cannot be allowed to die here."

"No; certainly not," said his friend.

"What do you propose?"

"I'll tell you what we shall do—row directly to the shore. We shall find some means, once there, of bringing her into succor and help. Mayhap her friends are at this moment wondering where she is."

"I think you are right—even though we fall in with the search boats of the Thunderer."

"Even though we should. Better have a retaken than that we should allow her life to be lost without an effort to save her."

"Such a thing is not to be thought of," said Eugene promptly. "It would be murder."

"Are you able to resume your oars?"

"I am able to row," said Eugene bravely, "until morning, if need be."

"Good fellow!—Assist me to lift her into the boat. Gently. There!"

"Now," said Eugene, as he took off his coat and folded it around her, and under her head for a pillow, "let us get the boat apast these rocks, and she shall have a fair chance for her life. Poor girl."

They got the little skiff out into the sea once more, and, turning her head to the shore, pulled with all the vigor of brave and gallant hearts. In a short time the little rocks islet disappeared from their view, and they were once more on the open sea, the night-clouds and darkness alone around them. Still they rowed on with unceasing exertion, spurred thereto by the low moan of agony that at intervals broke from the unconscious form lying at their feet.

"Who can tell," said Redmond, "what frightful sorrow and trouble her friends may be in, unknowing what has became of her."

Who, indeed? Not they, two, surely—rowing athrough the dark sea to the unknown coast, the beat of whose surf on the rocks grew more strongly each moment on their ears.

So strangely fate weaves her threads! So wonderfully involved are the golden web and woof of human lives!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 79 Dearborn-st., Room 30, Chicago, and by all Leading Booksellers.

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

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To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

BLOODSHED AT LAST.

Sitting Bull, the Indian Chief, Laid Low.

SEVERAL OTHER INDIANS KILLED.

An Attempt to Arrest the Chief Brings on a Fight in Which a Number of Hostiles and Peaceable Indians Bite the Dust—Sitting Bull's Son Among the Slain—Soldiers Take a Hand in the Fight—What Gen. Miles Says.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 16.—Sitting Bull has been killed. The news of his death, which was received here Monday, has been confirmed by advices received by Gen. Miles at the military headquarters in this city. He received two dispatches Monday evening, the first from Pierre, S. D., saying that Sitting Bull and his son had been killed, but giving no further particulars. The other dispatch was from Standing Rock agency, S. D., and said that the Indian police started out Monday morning to arrest Sitting Bull, having understood that he proposed starting for the Bad Lands at once. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry under Capt. Fouchet and infantry under Col. Drum. When the police reached Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand river, about forty miles from Standing Rock, they found arrangements being made for departure.

Opened Fire on the Police.

The Indian police did not get an opportunity to demand the old medicine man's surrender, but firing began from the Indian tepees immediately upon the appearance of the officers, and three of the latter were killed outright, two wounded so seriously that they died before they could be removed, and three others slightly hurt. The police then opened fire upon the savages, at the same time dispatching couriers to the rear to bring up the cavalry under Capt. Fouchet. Sitting Bull started to run up the river and was captured, but his followers made a desperate effort to rescue him and he was shot twice—once in the left shoulder and again in the heart. Bull's son Crow Foot was killed, together with Black Bear, Catch Bird, and from five to seven others.

Arrival of the Troops.

The hostiles fired with deadly accuracy and slowly drove the police from the field. If the cavalry had not come at this time it is probable that the force would have been annihilated. The soldiers were quick to enter into the action. A skirmish line was thrown out, and then, kneeling and firing as they advanced, the troops, with the machine guns playing over their heads, poured a withering fire into the savages. Sitting Bull's body, which had been abandoned by the police, was secured, as well as that of his son, and taken to Standing Rock.

The Order of Arrest.

Gen. Miles said Monday night that Sitting Bull had been dispatching couriers to all the tribes—even those in Canada—instructing them to secure all the ammunition possible and prepare to go on the warpath in the spring. When he found that preparations were being made by the army to break up this scheme it was believed that he intended to begin fighting very soon and his arrest was ordered. "I shall be on the reservation in three days. Gen. Brooke has reported to me that he has exhausted all peaceable means of settling whatever difficulties there may be. I think the situation is serious, for the reason that there are a great many settlers comparatively unprotected, and they would be the first to feel the outbreak."

Negroes Want to Dance.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 16.—Chief of Police Speers was called upon Monday by a delegation of negroes from two of the lowest neighborhoods in the city and asked for permission to hold ghost dances by the residents of these localities. The men who called upon the chief stated that a messiah had appeared to them and told them to prepare for the supremacy of their race at the same time the Indians would be placed in control of the west. An investigation shows that there is much excitement among the most ignorant class of colored people, which has been brought about by some man who is going about among them palming himself off as a messiah.

Been Robbing the Cars.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 16.—W. J. LeRoy, a freight conductor on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, was arrested Sunday night. His arrest, it is alleged, is the first of wholesale prosecutions to begin at once against trainmen on the road. They are accused of systematically breaking into and robbing freight cars, and it is even charged that wrecks have been arranged in advance to cover evidence of wholesale thefts. These thefts, it is stated, are part of a conspiracy against the road, which has existed ever since the strike of three months ago.

Mrs. Irwin Was Not Murdered.

OTTUMA, Iowa, Dec. 16.—Mrs. Marion Irwin, who was supposed to have been murdered by her husband, was discovered at Oskaloosa Saturday night and brought back to Kirkville. She appeared in court here in the morning and through her attorneys asked for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. It transpired that the money found on the person of Irwin was obtained from the sale of a piece of land a few weeks ago. This money was attached pending the petition for a divorce.

The Trouble in Oklahoma.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Dec. 16.—Petitions were started in every town and township in Oklahoma Monday, asking congress to declare the work of the legislature illegal and that the body has no power to do business. It is thought the end of this week will show over half the population represented on the petition. The petition is mainly the work of Guthrie in its attempt to overthrow the capital location question, and is assisted by other towns that failed to get the recognition desired.

Death of an Old Mason.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 16.—Joseph H. Hough, secretary of the New Jersey grand lodge of Masons, died Monday, aged 75 years. He was the oldest Masonic officer in the United States, having been grand secretary for forty-eight years. He was made a Mason in 1838. Preparations were being made to celebrate his fiftieth year in office in 1892. He is known in every lodge in the country.

It Goes Without Saying.

PARIS, Dec. 16.—In an interview had with the bishop of Nancy the pope expressed his warm approbation of the policy sought to be inaugurated by Cardinal Lavigerie, looking to a union of church and state in France.

A FAMILY ANNIHILATED.

Father, Mother and Daughter Run Down by a Train.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—At the University depot about 9 o'clock one man and two ladies were killed, while getting on the Great Northern train by an Omaha train whizzing past on the adjoining track. One of the ladies was cut entirely in two. The cowcatcher of the Omaha train threw the other girl, aged about 17, high in the air and up against the windows of the Great Northern car. The victims were E. T. Todd and wife, of Sioux City, Iowa, and their daughter, wife of Master Mechanic Slayton, of the Kansas City road.

The Brakes Failed to Work.

The bodies were carried into the station and the coroner notified. Mrs. Slayton left a little girl at home, who told those that called that Mrs. Slayton had gone to St. Paul. The engineer of the Omaha train said he applied the air brakes as soon as he saw the short line train at the depot. He had a heavy train and the brakes did not answer promptly. Mr. Todd was a prominent contractor of Sioux City.

BOSTON GOES DEMOCRATIC.

Nathan Mathews, Jr., Elected Mayor by a Plurality of 12,000.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 10.—The Democratic tidal wave has extended to municipal affairs here and Mr. Nathan Mathews, Jr., their nominee, is elected mayor of Boston. His lead over Moody Merrill, the Republican candidate, is roundly about 12,000. Mayor Hart, the present incumbent, last year received a Republican majority of 5,460. The Democrats, too, have control of the board of aldermen and probably the common council. The returns compare in size very favorably with those of the state election. Mr. Mathews held Governor-elect Russell's vote, but Merrill fell below that of Governor Brackett. Mr. Mathew's plurality is 12,221. The board of aldermen will stand eight Democrats and four Republicans.

GOMPERS RE-ELECTED.

The Federation Will Try Him Another Year as President.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 12.—The convention of the Federation of Labor Friday morning sent greetings to the Farmers' Alliance convention and to the international labor congress at Brussels. The legislatures of Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama will be asked to forbid convict labor in mines. Support was pledged to the painters, who will strike for eight hours on May 1 next. Congress will be petitioned to forbid United States enlisted musicians from competing for business with free musicians. The convention decided that only bona fide members of trades can hereafter be delegates.

The Federation has re-elected Samuel Gompers president.

O'Brien Sails for France.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The Irish envoys, William O'Brien and T. P. Gill, sailed Saturday morning on the steamship Obdam for Boulogne, from whence they will proceed to Paris. Timothy Harrington, another of the envoys, sailed on the Cunard steamer Aurania for Queenstown. Among the other passengers on the Aurania were Mr. and Mrs. Bourke Cochran, Lord Inverwise, Lady Kintore, Lord Berndale, Hon. Randolph Allsopp, Sir Thomas Hesketh and Capt. Charrington. On the North German Lloyd steamer Ems for Bremen were Baron Di Ravigan, Mrs. P. T. O'Connor, Mr. Alex Gregor, secretary of the Russian legation at Washington, and Vicomte de Richdment.

Execution of William Blanchard.

SHERBROOKE, Que., Dec. 12.—William Wallace Blanchard was hanged here Friday morning for the murder of Charles A. Calkins on Nov. 18, 1889. The drop fell at 9:05 1-2 and at 9:30 the jail surgeon announced him dead. The executioner was Radcliffe, who also hanged Burchall, and the whole proceeding was without an unpleasant incident. The feeling here is that the execution of Blanchard was inadvisable, as the crime was not premeditated. He and a companion named Calkins had been drinking and quarreled about a boat. A scuffle followed, Blanchard drew a revolver and shot Calkins in the head, from the effects of which he died.

World's Fair Matters.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—The announcement Wednesday of the national board of reference and control of the world's Columbian exposition was attended by a circumstance which was nothing if not dramatic. As the clock was striking 12 noon Wednesday President Palmer handed Secretary Dickinson a paper which read: "The following commissioners have been selected to represent the national commission on the board of reference and control: G. V. Massey of Delaware, W. Lindsay of Kentucky, M. H. De Young of California, Thomas M. Waller of Connecticut, E. B. Martindale of Indiana, J. W. St. Clair of West Virginia."

A Mysterious Hermit Dead.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 13.—J. J. Bayard, the mysterious hermit of Kennal county, Tex., died in his cabin Saturday. He had been a resident of that section for fifteen years. He claimed to have graduated from a medical college and had great success in treating diseases. He claimed that he was a brother of ex-Secretary of State Bayard. He spoke rarely to any one, usually selecting a child as interpreter.

Made an Assignment.

MONTREAL, Can., Dec. 13.—J. M. Duchene & Co., drygoods merchants, of Quebec, have been compelled to assign by reason of the failure of Thibaudeau Bros. The liabilities are large. Several small failures are reported here. The Dun-Wiman agency here reports a considerable increase in failures in Canada during the last quarter as compared with the same period last year.

Reymer Bros. in Hard Luck.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—The wholesale and retail confectionary establishment of Reymer Bros., 508, 510 and 512 Wood street, was damaged by fire to the extent of $90,000 at 4 o'clock Friday morning. This is the third time the firm has sustained loss by fire, and on each occasion the fires occurred a few days previous to the winter holidays.

Beat the Watchman Nearly to Death.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Three men attempted to force an entrance into the Mount Vernon bank, in Mount Vernon, early Friday, but were prevented by the night watchman, William Guion, who attempted to arrest them. The would-be burglars beat Guion in a terrible manner and left him possibly fatally hurt. No arrests.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The most valued printed document in existence in relation to Columbus is that in the possession of B. Quaritch, of London. It is the first printed copy of the first letter of Columbus written from Lisbon to Ferdinand and Isabella when the court was in Barcelona, and printed there. This is held for £1,600.

Three masked men bound and gagged the watchman at the Wigwam theatre at San Francisco Sunday night, then opened the safe and took $1,900 in cash and jewelry valued at $1,000.

Tuesday morning at Kansas City a shotgun was accidentally discharged in the hands of Bernard Donnelly, a wealthy real estate man, inflicting a wound that is accounted fatal.

The body of Lea McMullen, of Perry, Iowa, who has been missing several days, was found Tuesday with the throat cut. He is supposed to have committed suicide.

A call for an international convention of press clubs has been issued by President Keenan, of the Pittsburg Press club. The convention will open at Pittsburg Jan. 27 next.

The annual report of the directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, for the year ending June 30, shows the gross earnings to be $31,004,357, and net earnings $10,083,971, an increase of $3,311,-980.

Five hundred dollars' worth of stolen goods were found on the premises of Emmet Seymour at Anamosa, Iowa, Tuesday. Seymour has always borne a good reputation.

D. W. Kooken, a well-to-do farmer of Shelby county, Ills., is on trial on several charges of horse stealing.

Two packages of Professor Koch's lymph have arrived in New York city.

Miss Julia Marlowe, the actress, is reported much improved in health.

Twenty-eight graves have recently been robbed in the negro cemetery at Merchantsville, Pa., presumably for the benefit of dissecting rooms, and the colored people are in a high state of indignation.

James Crosbie, of West Bay City, Mich., while drunk, shot Matthew O'Shea, a bartender at the Portland house, through the heart Tuesday.

James Batley, a miner, of Compton, Ala., threatened to whip his wife Tuesday. As he advanced toward her the woman pulled a pistol and shot him through the heart.

A Waukesha, Wis., jury Tuesday gave a verdict against George Putney, 11 years old, for $2,500 in favor of Andrew Vosberg, 14 years old, for injuries received in a fight at school.

Reports from twelve counties in eastern Kansas show great ravages by the Hessian fly among the early-sown wheat. From other counties the crop is reported in a fine condition.

Jacob Steenburgh, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., stole $300, and skipped. The sheriff followed him, and finally landed him in jail, but the cost of the performance was just $1,400 more than Steenburgh stole.

The Michigan monthly crop report for December places the condition of wheat in the southern counties at 103 per cent.; in the central counties, 99 per cent., and in the northern counties, 102 per cent.

Last spring the Ohio legislature authorized the rearrangement of ward boundaries in Springfield so as to give a Democratic majority in the city council. It was found that the bill had not been signed, and Tuesday the supreme court rendered judgment, unseating the Democratic alderman elected under the act and reinstating the Republican members.

Walt Whitman is putting the later touches to a volume called "Good Bye, My Fancy," containing his old-age songlets and intended as a "second annex and completion" to "Leaves of Grass."

A vein of coal was struck at Burlington, Iowa, Thursday at a depth of fifty feet.

There is so much ice in the Antwerp harbor that wooden shipping can not enter.

Reports have been received at the war department that the hostile Indians are giving evidences of submission. Gen. Brooke states that the Indians near White River have turned loose the cattle which they stole, and are preparing to come to the agency.

B. F. Shaw, inventor of seamless stockings and a machine to knit them, is dead at Lowell, Mass.

Karl Pager, a grader, who lived happily with his wife and children, slipped out of his bed Thursday night to his barn, at Sioux City, Iowa, and hanged himself.

A secret conference of oil producers of western and northern Pennsylvania was held at Pittsburg Thursday night for the purpose, it is believed, of forming a producers' alliance to compete with the Standard Oil company.

Two hundred and fifty hogs belonging to W. H. Barr, of Red Oak, Iowa, have died of cholera within a few days.

A valuable lead mine has been discovered on the farm of John Buckley in Apple river township, Jo Daviess county, Ills.

Two well-dressed men, while purchasing a diamond pin of W. B. Marshall, a Minneapolis jeweler, Thursday, got away with two sets of ear drops valued at $3,-000.

Hiram Matthews, one of the oldest settlers in Michigan, died Thursday night at Antwerp, aged 91 years.

Cruze Onteveros, a pretty Mexican girl, aged 13, has been kidnaped by unknown persons in El Paso, Tex.

Miss Minnie Lloyd died Thursday evening at Janesville, Wis. She refused to give any information concerning herself.

The body of an unknown man was found on the Michigan Central tracks Thursday night, at Battle Creek, Mich.

The annual report of the Missouri Pacific railroad, filed with the board of railroad commissioners of Kansas Thursday, shows that the company operates 3,119 miles of road, from which the gross earnings during the past year was $13,608,586.

The Bay State Lasting Machine company at Boston failed for $75,000.

Farmers in Hancock county, Illinois, report wheat badly damaged by the Hessian fly.

A party of Mexicans have arrived at Kansas City to study pork packing and cognate manufactures, intending later on to engage in those industries in their own country.

M. W. Levy, representing a syndicate of New York and English capitalists, has offered Chief Mayes $35,000,000 for the Cherokee strip.

The barn of Silas Shaw, near Joliet, Ills., was burned by tramps Friday night. Loss about $6,000.

At Salt Lake, Utah, Friday, Edwin Scott, a foreman of carpenters, was stabbed in the forehead with a chisel and killed by William M. Diamond, in a quarrel arising out of the temporary lay off of the latter.

The grip and lung and throat troubles are said to be taking hold of the Indian ghost dancers, owing the exposure and hardship endured during the performance.

Nicholas Meyer has brought suit at Grand Rapids, Mich., against Peter Stelma, for $5,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affection.

James Clay, a prisoner at the county jail at Decatur, Ills., has made three unsuccessful attemps to hang himself.

On his thirty-fifth day of famine Signor Succi lost but two ounces, leaving the faster at 110 pounds and 12 ounces.

G. W. Hanna, the first white man to permanently settle in Black Hawk county, Iowa, died at his home near Waterloo, Friday morning, aged 73 years.

There will be no ice palace at St. Paul, Minn., this winter. The festival will probably take the form of a Russian winter fair.

Professor Hans Albert, for many years director of the musical department of the Iowa Wesleyan university, has resigned his professorship.

At Atlanta, Ga., Friday, Fannie Chamberlain, the colored woman who cut off the head of her lover with one slash of the razor, was given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Friday Governor Boies, of Iowa, appointed his law partner, John W. Cameron, to fill the vacancy in the office of prosecutor of Iowa war claims, at Washington, caused by the death of W. W. Belknap.

The Hatteberg Veneer company, with a capital stock of $25,000, has been organized in Marshfield, Wis.

The lumber cut at Cheboygan, Mich., sawmills for the season just closed was over 130,000,000 feet, an increase of 17,000,-000 feet over last year.

While Christ Keepke, engineer of the Western Indurated Fiber company's factory, at Winona, Minn., was oiling, his clothing was caught by the main shaft, and he was whipped to death. Every bone in his body was broken.

It was decided Friday that the executive committee of the Illinois Press association that the next meeting of the association should be held at Joliet, beginning Feb. 3 and continuing three days.

Queen Victoria will not permit electric lights in her private apartments at Windsor castle. She says it is too strong for her eyes.

George Roberts, president of the Miners' Union, of Ironwood, Mich., is a fugitive charged with embezzlement.

Workmen employed at Johnstown, Pa., Saturday unearthed the skeletons of three Indians. The place was formerly the burying ground of an Indian tribe—about 1780.

George Serker and James Lane were frozen to death near Clay Courthouse, W. Va., Wednesday night.

Thomas F. Hastie, 80 years old, and Miss Sarah Roulston, 74 years of age, were married at Galena, Ill., Saturday.

Duluth's two evening papers, The Times and The Herald, have consolidated.

Dr. Jehu Little of Bloomington, Ill., who has been on trial charged with criminal malpractice in treating Miss Luella Chapman, has been acquitted.

Joseph Bean and Josephine Marion were indicted by the grand jury Saturday for the murder of the latter's husband, near Charleston, Ia., Sept. 12.

It is rumored that Fumo Bakari, Sultan of Vitu, and his followers have destroyed an English mission station on the Tana River in Africa and killed several native Christians.

Dr. Neuer, of Denver, Colo., is organizing a staff and securing appliances for a Koch hospital, which he proposes to found in America.

A decree has been issued announcing that the emperor of China will grant a yearly audience to all foreign ministers.

James Roach, aged 75, committed suicide at Bloomington, Ills., by drinking water in which he had soaked the heads of matches.

The corner stone of the Grady hospital in Atlanta, Ga., for which $100,000 has been raised, will be laid Dec. 23, the first anniversary of Mr. Grady's death. The Hon. Henri Watterson, of The Louisville Courier Journal, will deliver the address.

Apropos of the Ames-West wedding in Boston, the father of the happy groom, F. L. Ames, has settled the sum of $1,000,-000 upon his son as his share in the joyous occasion.

The Hon. Henry G. Davis has deeded the Davis Free School building to the people of Piedmont, W. Va. The structure cost above $20,000.

Gen. Trel, who has been elected a member of the federal council of Switzerland, was formerly a private in an Illinois regiment and spent many months in Libby prison.

Princess Beatrice of England is writing a book on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

George Ritter, of Sandusky, Ohio, committed suicide Sunday, being despondent from financial troubles.

Robert McNail, a farmer of Greenwich, Kan., fatally shot himself Sunday while in a fight with John Davies, a neighbor.

At Kanapolis, Kan., the Royal Salt company has struck salt in its shaft at a depth of 640 feet. The vein is 240 feet thick.

General Superintendent George W. Ogilvie, of the Des Moines and Northwestern railroad company, has resigned.

At Lemas, Iowa, Saturday, the suit against state printer Ragsdale for $30,000 damages brought by Jim Hopkins for libel was dismissed.

A Very Aged Couple.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 15.—The most remarkable instance of longevity of a married couple in the annals of Minnesota, and probably in the United States, comes from Lac-qui-parle county, where Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Salisbury celebrated the 103d birthday of Mr. Salisbury. His wife will be 101 years old Christmas Day. Jan. 12 they will have been married eighty years. Until quite recently they lived alone in a comfortable log house on the Yellowbank river, Mrs. Salisbury doing the cooking and general housework, while Mr. Salisbury chopped the wood and attended to the chores about the house.

Secretary Tracy's Sister Dead.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 15.—Mrs. Matilda Dodge, 72 years of age, sister of Gen. Tracy, secretary of the navy, died very suddenly Monday morning from rheumatism of the heart. She came from Owego to Brooklyn to spend the holidays with her son, Sergeant Dodge of the First precinct. She appeared in good health until a few moments of her death.

The Champion Sculler.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Dec. 15.—Monday on the Paramatta river, a sculling match for £200 a side, and the championship of the world was rowed by oarsmen Kemp and McLean. McLean was the winner.

AN OLD WARRIOR GONE.

Death at New Haven, Conn., of Maj. Gen. Terry.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 16.—Maj. Gen. Terry, U. S. A., retired, died at his residence in this city at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Heart failure due to Bright's disease was the cause of death. He had been ill for over two years. Gen. Terry was born at Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, 1837. He graduated from Yale, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He became clerk of the court of New Haven in 1854 and continued in that position until 1860. At that time he commanded the Second Connecticut regiment and he marched with it to the war. He figured in a number of engagements and during 1862 he commanded the forts on the Atlantic coast of Florida.

Made a Full Major General.

In March, 1862, he was made brigadier general. From May to December, 1864, he commanded the Tenth corps. Early in January of 1864, he carried Fort Fisher by assault at the head of the first division of the Twenty-fourth corps, aided by Commodore Porter's fleet. On Sept. 1, 1866 he was mustered out of the volunteer service and put in command of the Dakota department in the military division of the Missouri. In March, 1886, after the death of Gen. Hancock, Gen. Terry was made a full major general. At the time of his death he was 64 years old.

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

Wife Murder and Suicide Near Chippewa Falls, Wis.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., Dec. 16.—News reached here of a shocking murder and suicide which occurred at the village of Cadott, twelve miles east of this city, Sunday. The body of Mrs. Peter St. George was found hanging in the woodshed adjoining her home, and it was supposed at first that she had committed suicide. Her husband, who is a barber, went to some of the neighbors and told them that his wife was missing, and after some search the body was found in the woodshed. Investigation, however, showed that it was not a case of suicide.

Cut His Throat with a Razor.

The woman's brains had been beaten out by a stick of wood, and the body then placed in the position mentioned to give it the appearance of suicide. The authorities were notified, and St. George accused of the crime, but protested his innocence. While an investigation was being made, however, he went to a room up-stairs in his house and cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, dying almost instantly. Domestic trouble is thought to have been the cause, as it is said St. George and his wife have lived very unhappily together for several years.

Suicided in a Cemetery.

WARE, Mass., Dec. 16.—An unknown man about 60 years old was found dead in Aspen Grove cemetery Monday. A postal card was found on his person addressed to "William Barth, care of Ware & Pratt, Worcester." The man's throat was cut and a razor was found lying alongside of the grave on which the body lay. The head stone on the grave bore the name of Barth. Some persons remember a man named Barth who lived here twenty-five years ago and who buried his three children in the grave on which the suicide was found. It is the general opinion that the suicide is Mr. Barth who came to die on grave of his children.

Just Like Young Folks.

MORRISON, Ills., Dec. 16.—A terrible tragedy occurred at the house of John Wall. Robert Robertson, a widower, aged about 70 years, had been paying attention to Mary Wall for the past two years and had asked her hand in marriage and been refused. He visited her again Monday afternoon and, it is supposed, renewed his proposal and was again rejected, upon which he drew a revolver and shot her through the left temple. He then turned the weapon on himself and sent a bullet through his brain. Both were dead when discovered by the inmates of the house.

His Anxiety Gave It Away.

BOSTON, Dec. 16.—On Saturday afternoon the guards on the state prison walls at Charleston reported that John Farmer, a recently liberated convict, was hanging around outside, watching the ventilator on the prison roof. This aroused suspicion and a search was made which revealed that the iron padlock on a door leading to the attic over the chapel had been sawed off. In the attic was found John Curtain, who is serving a twelve years' sentence for manslaughter, twisting yarn into a rope. He had 100 feet of rope and two suits of clothes.

Lymph Could Not Save the Babe.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—A case of death following the use of lymph was reported Monday. The case was an advanced one of tuberculosis meningitis, and was one of five operated upon by Dr. Jacobi in the New York foundling asylum. The patient was an 18-months-old female child. The first inoculation was performed on Friday and a second on Saturday. The inoculation was performed as a last resort, the case being regarded as hopeless before the operation, and the lymph had no effect.

An Unworthy Scion.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Col. Charles B. Stoughton, well-known in society circles here and a nephew of the late Mr. Stoughton, formerly United States minister to Russia, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields Monday on a charge of swindling the widow of an old soldier out of $1,000 of her pension money.

Think They Have That Rascal Pope.

CAYUGA, Ont., Dec. 16.—Chief Constable Farrell has arrested a man supposed to be William H. Pope, charged with embezzling $60,000 of the funds of the Louisville City National bank while occupying the position of teller. Pope has been lodged in jail pending identification.

Another Assignment.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16.—Maris & Smith, bankers and brokers, of 20 South Third street, have made an assignment. The firm's liabilities will probably exceed $300,000. Nothing could be learned as to the assets of the firm.

Killed by an Explosion.

ASHLAND, Wis., Dec. 16.—A box of giant powder exploded in the Sunday Lake mine, Wakefield, Mich., Monday, killing George Sage and John Fogale and seriously injuring W. B. Roberts.

Explosion at a Powder Works.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—An explosion occurred at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning in the wash house of the Ætna Powder company at Miller, Ind. William Clark, an employe, was killed.

THEIR BED A COFFIN.

LIFE OF A SMALL RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY IN MONTREAL.

A Rigorous Existence—At Certain Times of the Day Young Girls Wear Heavy Ox Chains About Their Necks—There Are but Five Enthusiasts, However.

There are five women and one man living in Montreal who sleep every night in coffins. For some time past The Empire correspondent has been told of a certain Dr. Jacques, a widower and graduate of the Victoria School of Medicine, who, without obtaining permission from the ecclesiastical authorities, had founded a community, and in order to verify the reports of the extraordinary character of the house in question a visit was paid to the establishment. The reporter was received most cordially by the doctor, and, while conducting the correspondent through the different departments of his singular little monastery, he related the history of the work since its foundation.

Dr. Jacques has the appearance of a very sincere man, but is evidently touched on the religious question, and, in fact, he admits that Archbishop Fabre is not pleased with the work he is carrying on. However, he believes God is with him, and that the ecclesiastical approbation will sooner or later descend upon his head.

"I made a bargain with the bon Dieu," began the zealous doctor, "the year the smallpox raged in Montreal. I visited no less than 1,200 cases, and in return God greatly favored the mission I have in hand, viz., the adoration of the 'Holy Face.'"

WEARING OX CHAINS.

Among these patients was a family from St. Jerome named Aubin, and the father and mother, with five daughters, the eldest 24 years, and the youngest 13, now live under the doctor's roof. The parents live like ordinary mortals, but the five children lead a life almost as severe as the terribly austere regime of a Carmelite nun. The house in question is not of modern construction by any means, and when the visitor was shown into the court yard in the rear the elder Aubin was engaged washing the doctor's wagon, and his good wife was similarly occupied with the windows.

As this worthy couple do not belong to the community proper, and consequently do not sleep in coffins, they were left at their work, and the next floor was reached. The five little sisters, as the doctor calls them, were found robed in red material, with a white head dress falling down over their shoulders. These girls have no education whatever, yet their medical protector says they are very learned in things pertaining to the celestial sphere. They retire at half-past 8 and arise at 4, and although they do all the work for the house, the greater part of the day is spent in adoration and prayer.

By the side of a nicely decorated altar stands a post about six feet in height, and upon the latter hangs an ox chain ten feet long, the use of which was explained as follows by the good doctor: When Montreal is given over to carnivals, to balls and parties, and when the devil finds it easy to tempt frail man and womankind, it is at these seasons that the five sisters devote themselves most intently to penitence and prayer. This heavy chain is hung around each sister's neck for an hour at a time, while they kneel in prayer for their sisters of the world whom destiny has thrown in temptation's way.

THEY SLEEP IN COFFINS.

The doctor now draws aside a curtain, and a large, deep coffin, painted black and covered over with gray cotton meets the astonished gaze of the reporter. The cloth being removed the pillow is found to be made of soft wood, and not a single article of clothing is visible. The five sisters sleep upstairs, the second floor being divided into a half dozen small, cheerless rooms or cells. The furniture in each of these sleeping apartments consists of a black coffin, a table and a tin washbasin, the same absence of clothing being quite as marked as on the floor below. In reply to a question Dr. Jacques stated that the girls would rather die any time than leave the community, and he rattled off the most wonderful miracles that had been operated following a brief sojourn in his community.

A brother from Oka had left his own establishment broken down with disease, and after a sojourn of forty-eight hours had returned to his monastic home in the Otland weighing sixty pounds more than when he left, and being quite unrecognizable by his religious confreres. "In fact," concluded the doctor, "far more miracles are performed here than at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and everything has been done but bringing the dead to life again."

The only recognition of this famous community by the archbishop of Montreal is in the fact that the Rev. M. Filjatrault, of St. James' church, is spiritual director of the five sisters in question, of whom three go to communion every morning and two three times a week.—Cor. Toronto Empire.

Men's Night Shirts.

There is no specialty in the range of men's furnishings in which greater strides have been made than in the manufacture of night shirts. In the contemplation of the crude home made articles of a few years ago, cut at haphazard out of coarse material, it is in the nature of a revelation of careful and good taste to contemplate the array of slumber gowns that are now offered to the purchaser from which to make a selection.

From the most frugal to the most sybaritic taste these essential garments of somnolence may be had promptly for the asking.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Woman's Reason.

Auntie (reading)—"The government has contracted for a number of magazine guns." Now I wonder what a magazine gun is?

Niece (from Vassar)—I guess it's the kind that go off only once a month.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Joseph Murphy.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The City Directory."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Gilmore Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Brass Monkey."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Twelve Temptations."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fat Men's Club."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—N. S. Wood.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"Held by the Enemy."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—J. H. Wallick.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE BATTERY D PARNELL MEETING

All Ireland will listen eagerly for the news from the Battery D demonstration in behalf of Mr. Parnell, which will be held in this city next Monday evening. Chicago is recognized by Ireland as the nerve centre of Irish American sympathy with the motherland. In this metropolis, the greatest conventions of the Irish race on this continent have been held; and no honest Irish movement has ever been left unaided by the Irish residents of Chicago.

"These be the times that try men's souls." Men who stand on the fence until they see which way the ball is rolling never add strength to a cause. However honest their intention, however conscientious their motives, they cast no weight into the scales for liberty against tyranny. "Wait till Ireland decides!" is now the cry. Ireland has decided. The cable is in the hands of Parnell's opponents, but the Irish papers that have reached this city show that the gallant leader has the heart of the nation with him. Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Galway decided for him, and all Ireland is rallying to his call. The sister and brother of John Mitchel are for him. The patriot daughter of Smith O'Brien is for him. The venerable James Stephens, head of the old Fenian movement, is for him. The rich "Cawtholic" Whigs and Tories are against him, but who cares? Wealth does not always represent either brains or patriotism. The "Cawtholic" English are also against Parnell. Were they ever in favor of any real friend of Ireland?

Although some of the priests in Kilkenny are reported as having incited the mob at Castlecomer and elsewhere, it is significant that the brave Father Fahey, of Woodford, just out of Galway jail, has made the first use of his liberty by going into the fight for Parnell. Several other priests have also declared vehemently for him, so that the priestly influence is not all on the side of his enemies. THE CITIZEN is frank to say that, while it would limit the political rights of no man, or body of men, it would much prefer to see the priests of Ireland act like the priests of America—vote their ticket, whatever it may be, and leave the turmoil of politics to the laity. There are thousands of Irish priests who, like the two Father Murphys, Father Phil. Roche, Father Clinch, and Father Redmond, of Wexford fame, would freely fight and die for their country if armed revolution were possible at this moment, but that would be essentially different from taking part in an election fight into which the fierce temper of Mr. Davitt, and the caustic tongue of Mr. Healy, and others, have infused an unusual amount of partisan bitterness. It was most commendable in the Irish priests of Cork and elsewhere to ask Mr. Healy to moderate his language toward Mr. Parnell. As for Mr. Davitt, his excitable disposition must be accepted as an excuse for his resort to the blackthorn in North Kilkenny.

It has been decided that, at the Battery D demonstration, next Monday evening, the Hon. Joseph P. Mahoney, state senator, shall preside. The secretaries of the meeting will be Messrs. James C. Strain and William C. McClure. The speakers will be the Hon. Lawrence Harmon, the Hon. Henry F. Donovan, John J. Fitzgibbon, John F. Finerty, and James A. Murphy, Jr.

All the indications point to a gigantic gathering of Irish Americans, and their friends of other races. There will be no admission fee, and no collection will be taken up. The meeting is simply designed to be a demonstration of moral support to the man who has fought the battle for Ireland during fifteen stormy years, and also as a protest against the assumption of any body of English statesmen to dictate to the Irish people at home and abroad who shall be their leader.

SITTING BULL'S DEATH.

The killing of Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux chief, on Tuesday, seems to us to have been quite unnecessary, even according to the official reports. The Indian police ought not to have been employed—they hated Sitting Bull and he hated them. He looked upon them very much as O'Donovan Rossa and others look upon the Royal Irish Constabulary. Little Assiniboine, Sitting Bull's adopted son, who was killed defending his chief, was a gallant, pleasant little warrior, and treated us with marked kindness when we visited the hostile camp in 1879. There must be something of a scheme underlying all this Indian trouble. We will have more to say on the subject in the next issue.

THE FIGHT IN NORTH KILKENNY.

In a struggle of the kind now going on in Ireland, it is impossible for any Irish-American who has any interest in the fortunes of his native country to remain apart and indifferent. The "prudent" men, the "wobblers" and the whisperers will, of course, be around, as usual. They will say it is none of our business; that the people in Ireland must decide, and soforth. They forget that there are more Irish people in America than in Ireland, and that the "sinews of war" have been mostly supplied by Irish Americans. The latter have just as good a right to decide who shall be their visible chief as the Irish in Ireland. THE CITIZEN is not aware that the Irish people at home have ever complained of Irish American "dictation." Irish-Americans have rarely attempted to dictate to their brethren across the ocean, and, whenever they have interfered, it has ever been for Ireland's good. Nothing would better please the masses of the Irish people than to see an Irish-American army, carrying the Stars and Stripes, landed on the Irish shore and in full march on Dublin. THE CITIZEN is not certain how Mr. Parnell himself might feel in case of such an event, but it surmises his anger would neither be deep nor lasting. This talk about Irish-American "dictation" is all nonsense, gotten up for a purpose. It is not our desire to dictate, but to help. The English are doing most of the dictating for Ireland just now. As between them and us, the Irish people are with their own flesh and blood always, and nothing more cheers the heart of old Ireland than the evidence of interest in her cause furnished by our great demonstrations.

The present fight in Ireland is not so much between Parnell and Justin McCarthy as between Parnell and the treacherous English Whig coterie who surround Mr Gladstone. When Parnell was battling for Ireland day and night in the Saxon parliament, the little "Cawtholic"(?) Tory cur, Pope Hennessy, was holding office under the Tories in the West Indies, in Zalualand or in Hong Kong. During all the struggles of Ireland for liberty, or for the amelioration of her condition, from 1858 down to the present hour, Pope Hennessy never raised voice or hand in defense of his country or his countrymen. He coolly pocketed the salary paid by his English masters, and, having played himself out with the Tories, he is now laying wires to go in with the Gladstonians, and sell out his country for some other office, when his new friends come into power.

It is impossible for us to understand why the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party, assisted by Michael Davitt, should seek to impose Pope Hennessy on Ireland. It is an outrage upon the unfortunate country, and whether Kilkenny is lost or won by the Parnellites, the memory of the disgraceful conflict there, in which Irishmen of education, as well as unlettered Irishmen, figured as common scolds and brutal bludgeoners, will long leave a painful impression on the Irish mind. It certainly does not look well for the opponents of Mr. Parnell to follow him up from place to place, loading him with dastardly insults, and using the most cowardly species of physical viololence upon his person. The wretch who hit the Irish leader in the face with a lime bag—an English invention by the way—at Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, on last Tuesday, ought, if discovered, be lynched by the Irish people. Castlecomer is the centre of a coal mining district, and it is not improbable that some savage ruffians from the Black Country of England did the base work. At least, let us hope so. If any Irishman was the perpetrator, he is a scoundrel, worthy to rank with the most degraded and inhuman of mankind.

THE CITIZEN is not squeamish about the more manly violence of blackthorns, although Ireland loses caste before the nations by such exhibitions of savagery as have recently been developed in North Kilkenny. It greatly regrets that ministers of religion, whose sacred office ought to be considered before anything secular, should have been in any way identified with the undignified and unchristian proceedings, which have certainly lowered Ireland in the estimation of surrounding peoples. Ireland, God help her, has to suffer for everybody's misconduct.

The mud batteries of the English press, Tory and "Liberal" alike, are now being directed against Parnell. He is accused of having used violent and profane language, which nobody who knows him can believe. The weight of unseemly language has been on the other side. Tim Healy has not hesitated to drag the name of a defenseless woman into the political gutter, and even the anti-Parnellite priests have felt called upon to rebuke his tendency to Billingsgate.

The outrage perpetrated on Mr. Parnell at Castlecomer has already had the effect of producing a great reaction in the minds of many who were only recently very strongly on the side of his opponents. They remember the long array of services rendered to his country in the hour of misfortune, and they admire the determined courage with which he has confronted his enemies, both in England and in Ireland.

In this city, the Kilkenny proceedings have consolidated the friends of Parnell, and faction is forgotten in the desire to vindicate him. The great mass meeting to be held at Battery D in this city on the evening of next Monday, Dec. 22, will be one of the most significant demonstrations in the interest of the Irish cause that Chicago has witnessed. Whether North Kilkenny sustains Parnell or otherwise, the Irish leader's friends in this city will send him a fraternal message. North Kilkenny is a respectable constituency, when its passions are not unduly aroused, but it is not all Ireland by any means.

A RINGING APPEAL.

The following proclamation, on behalf of Mr. Parnell, was issued on Wednesday to the Hillside men of North Kilkenny:

"Will you, countrymen of Grattan and the Volunteers, of O'Connell, Davis, and Wolf Tone, of the gallant Father Murphy, who fought and bled for the independence of our country; will you, inspired by memories of the past, abandon your chief? Will you give him up to the Saxon wolves that are howling for his destruction, or will you rally around him as your fathers did around the men of '98 and shout with a thousand voices, 'No surrender! Hurran for Parnell, the leader of the independent Irish party! Down with a faction that would make the Irish people the servants of a foreign power.' Gather, men of the Hillside, at Johnswell on Sunday, around your chief and hurl defiance at the enemies of your race."

PARNELL NOBLY INDORSED.

John Mitchel's sister, the widow of "Honest John Martin," and his brother, William, indorse Parnell, as will be seen by the following letter, addressed by Mrs. Martin to the Irish leader:

ABBEY YARD, Newry, Nov. 29.—*Dear Mr. Parnell:* At this supreme moment, when everything seems to be in a confused whirl, I just wish to let you know what my brother, William Mitchel, thinks about your leadership. He wrote yesterday to one of our members, and said that if he, William Mitchel, were one of the Irish party, he would vote for you, if he should vote alone. I trust Ireland will have spoken out today, but it has been a terrible day for the poor people to meet. Yours sincerely, and with best wishes,

HENRIETTA MITCHEL MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin and Mr. William Mitchel, although not figuring in public life, are as deeply imbued with Irish national sentiment as was their immortal brother, whose name will live as long as the hills of holy Ireland sentinel the land he loved "with a love passing that of man for woman."

The patriotic daughter of William Smith O'Brien—the only member of the family who has inherited her noble father's ardent devotion to country—addressed on Dec. 1 the following letter to the editor of the Dublin *Freeman*:

SIR: As one who has come rather prominently before the public in the interests of morality, and who also has been openly with the League since '79, perhaps you will allow me to say a few words as to my opinion at the present juncture, as I cannot speak. A well known fable illustrates the position—A Lion (Ireland) in love with Home Rule, is asked to cut his claws and draw his teeth before her relatives consent to the match. He does so. He is at once disarmed and driven out with contumely. Let Ireland thrust Mr. Parnell aside (his personal character is neither here nor there), let her once sacrifice the one Irishman of whom England is afraid, then, indeed, she will see how England loves her.

As regards the moral question, that is a bitter personal grief to each of us, but let England look to her streets, her armies, her ships, and leave reproaching us. When I made my fight to improve the ships Mr. Parnell was the first man to help me, and Mr. O'Connor. Not one of these Englishmen except Mr. Forster helped, but Mr. Parnell did then and after. I cannot forget this, or that as regards this present case we have only Captain O'Shea's ex parte statement and unexamined servant witnesses. What may be behind we do not know. But let the case be as bad as it looks, Mr. Parnell is simply weapon in our hands. To fling him aside would be madness. CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

Such a letter as the foregoing, coming from so pure and elevated an Irishwoman as Charlotte Grace O'Brien, ought to make the hasty and hypercritical among our people, here and everywhere, pause and reflect. The Mitchels and O'Briens, of the '48 period, surely speak the sentiment of national Ireland. They were ever true, and can never be anything else than true. THE CITIZEN knows of no higher indorsement, in the real Irish sense, than has been given Parnell by those in whose veins courses the most faithful and gallant blood of Ireland. It is evident that, whoever else may be against Mr. Parnell, the noblest rebel element of Ireland is with him.

JAMES STEPHENS FOR PARNELL.

At a meeting of the Dublin National Club, held on Dec. 2, the following telegram, dated Paris, Dec. 1, was read by Sheriff Clancy:

While sincerely regretting the O'Shea incident, I look with loathing on the English pharisaical howl against the Irish leader, and I indignantly repudiate the interference of any Englishman, not even excepting Mr. Gladstone, to dictate to our people as to who should be their political leaders. JAMES STEPHENS.

MURPHY AT HOOLEY'S.

Mr. Joseph Murphy had an enormous attendance all through the week at Hooley's, where he played the ever acceptable "Shaun Rhue," with all the marvelous dialectic power of which he is capable. During the coming week he will play the dramatic "Donagh," one of the most moving of Irish dramas; and the bold and humorous "Kerry Gow," which have won the applause of millions. Mr. Murphy, like the traditional good wine, grows better as he grows older. The years only ripen his strength and develop his genius. All who love good playing should go and see and hear him.

Up to the time of Gladstone's insolent demand for Parnell's retirement, the American press called Parnell "cool, sagacious, and level-headed." Now, because the Whig papers of England choose to belie him, he is called "hot headed, rash and fiery." What angels of patience those English and American editors are! They never make the air hot with swearing, oh, no!

The Best Christmas Book.

Those of our subscribers and readers who desire to present their friends, young, old or middle aged, with an agreeable and instructive Christmas book have now an opportunity to gratify their inclination by purchasing John F. Finerty's famous Indian war narrative "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," which has been hailed by the American, Irish and British press as the most thrilling history of frontier warfare. The book can be had direct from THE CITIZEN office, or at any of the leading bookstores. Price: full cloth, $3 per copy; half morocco, $3 50 per copy. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the book is being sold very rapidly.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

St. Thomas Catholic church, at Fifty-fifth street and Kimbark avenue, was dedicated last Sunday morning. At 9:30 the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan was met at the corner of Drexel boulevard and Fifty-first street by numerous Catholic societies and escorted to the church. The procession was headed by Inspector Nicholas Hunt and Capt. J. E. Lloyd of the Hyde Park District police, with three companies of police, eighty men, in command of Lieuts. Field, Jenkins, and Morrissey. Next in order was the Illinois Steel company band of South Chicago, followed by St. Thomas Court, Ancient Order of Hibernians; Pullman Lodge of Hibernians; St. Lawrence Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, Grand Crossing; Foresters of the Holy Family Church; St. Aloysius' Society of the Holy Family Church; St. Patrick's Court, Ancient Order of Hibernians, South Chicago; and the Young Men's Lyceum of St. Thomas escorting the carriages containing the archbishop and the clergymen.

The procession moved through Fifty-first street, Washington avenue, Fifty-sixth street, and Kimbark avenue to the church. The march to the altar was very impressive. The procession was led by Master of Ceremonies Father P. J. Muldoon and the communion class of twenty five little girls clad in white and wearing chaplets of flowers. The archbishop and the attendant clergy were preceded by twenty five surpliced acolytes bearing crosiers and tapers. The ceremony of investure was performed by Father Muldoon, and, arrayed in the cope and mitre of his office, the prelate offered prayer and blessed and dedicated to the service of God the walls and altar of the sanctuary. At the conclusion of the dedication solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire of St. James', assisted by Father M. O'Brien of St. John's church, deacon of the mass, Father Hennebery of St. Pius', Father O'Reilly, Father Dorney of St. Gabriel's, and Father Jennings and the Rev. J. J. Carroll of St. Thomas. Weber's Mass in G was followed in the service.

The sermon was delivered by Archbishop Feehan. His text was II. Corinthians iv., 6, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of the darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the glory of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The choir sang excellently, the offertory "O Salutaris Hostia!" by Miss Kate Brady being notably fine. The singers were Misses Brady, Sheridan, and O'Brien, and Messrs. Dan Shea, J. J. Winne, and Grasseli.

In his opening remarks, the archbishop paid an eloquent and well deserved tribute of praise to the Rev. Father Carroll for his pious exertions in building so complete and beautiful a structure for the worship of God.

Several leading Catholics, of the parish, and from outside, were in attendance. Among them were noticed Martin J. Russell and Mrs. Russell, James A. Russell, Capt. William Buckley, A. W. Green, Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan, Miss Adele Mulligan, Miss Alice Nugent, John Lally, and many others.

The church is built of cream colored pressed brick with stone trimmings, in modified Gothic architecture, and is 137 by 58 feet in size. The interior is finished in polished oak, except the altar, which is enameled in ivory white with gold trimmings. It is a fine piece of workmanship, being in the pure Gothic style. The church seats 900 persons. It has many stained memorial windows presented by members of the parish. The names commemorated are Col. J. A. Mulligan, Catherine and Richard Buckley, Margaret Whitgreave, Mary Garrigan, Bishop John McMullen, Philip Henrotin, James Casey, Margaret Dermott, P. F. Ryan, and Loretta Lally. The cost of the structure and site was about $60 000.

OBITUARY.

MR MARTIN MOYLAN.

Mr. Martin Moylan, of the firm of Moylan & Alcock, plumbers, died very suddenly at his home, No. 4033 Indiana ave., on Tuesday, Dec. 16. He was playing with his children, and smoking a cigar, when he was attacked by a fit of coughing during which he ruptured a blood vessel, and died on the instant. His wife and seven children were present when death overtook him, and the shock to all of them was terrible. Mr. Moylan was born at Gibbet Hill, near Nenagh, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1849. His people were of the most prosperous class of farmers, and he received a good early education. Like most young Irishmen of spirit, he was strongly national in sentiment, and, on the failure of the Fenian movement, he became disgusted with affairs in Ireland and resolved to cast his fortunes with America. He arrived in this country over twenty years ago, and applied himself to learning the plumbing trade, in which he was eminently successful. Within a few years he went into business on his own account, and soon became prominent among the leading firms of Chicago. Mr. Moylan was held in the highest esteem by both employers and employes in the plumbing business. Whenever a question of arbitration came up, all parties were willing to submit their claims to Martin Moylan, conscious that he would render strict justice to all concerned. He leaves behind hind him a record of industry, probity and true manhood, which may well be envied by those who survive him. It was the fortune of the editor of THE CITIZEN to be among the schoolmates of Mr. Moylan in boyhood, and it can be truly said of the lamented deceased that the noble hearted boy gave promise of the sterling man. Among Mr. Moylan's other schoolmates, now in this country, was the Very Rev. P. J. Gleeson, vicar general of Nashville, Tenn., diocese; and also the Rev. M. Meagher, pastor of the Catholic church in Ridgeway, Pa. Mr. Moylan was laid to rest in Mount Olivet cemetery yesterday. The funeral procession, which was very large, left the house for Holy Angels' church at an early hour. High mass of requiem was offered up, and the beautiful service for the dead was chanted. All present were deeply affected by the sight of the faithful wife and loving children who have been so suddenly bereaved of their earthly protector. May the soul of Mr. Moylan enjoy the happiness which good works on this earth make hopeful for those who humbly walk in the footsteps of the Messiah.

MRS. JOHN HOGAN.

Mrs. John Hogan, of Grawn, county Galway, sister of Mr. Martin Mulcahy, of this city, died at her home, after a brief illness, on Nov. 23. Her husband and seven children, most of the latter of tender age, survive her. The bereavement is one of exceptional severity. Mr. Hogan is entirely overwhelmed by his great loss. Mr. Mulcahy, who visited Ireland last summer, bade farewell to his sister, who was then in perfect health, on Aug. 22. Three months from that day she died.

REV MOTHER COLETTE

On Thursday, Dec. 11, after a protracted illness, Mother Colette, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, died at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. Her christian name was Isabella Cunnea, daughter of James Cunnea, who settled in Will county, Ill., about forty five years ago, and who had been president of the First National Bank of Morris, Ill., for a quarter of a century. She became a member of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in 1863, and for the last fifteen years has been financial manager of that celebrated and prosperous institution. As an evidence of her sound judgment and financial ability, St. Mary's Academy is free from debt and is now one of the largest and most complete centres of learning in America. Mother Colette, with true devotion to her Order, devoted her portion of her father's estate to its welfare. The beautiful church on the Academy grounds, just completed, mainly through her exertions, is a fitting monument to her memory.

The funeral services took place on the 13th inst. Her remains were borne from the infirmary to the church, the pall-bearers being the professed Sisters who labored with her in the cause of Christ for more than a quarter of a century. A solemn requiem mass was offered up for the repose of her soul, the Very. Rev. Father Corby, C S S, acting as celebrant; Rev. Father Spillard, C S C, as deacon, and Rev. Father Fitte, C S C, as subdeacon. When the impressive ceremonies were concluded the remains were carried by the Sisters to the cemetery, followed by 150 members of the Community. In the midst of the holy women who have gone before her, in one of the most picturesque and delightful spots which overlook the St. Joseph river, all that is mortal rests in peace of one of the sainted daughters of Erin.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. J. M. Cartan, of the Church of the Nativity parish, celebrated the 20th anniversary of his ordination as a priest on Dec. 16.

A SONG FOR PARNELL.

(To be sung at Battery D., Parnell Meeting, next Monday evening.)

Air: "O'Donnell Aboo"

Hark ye the shout, 'mid the nations resounding!
Hear ye the war cry that comes o'er the main!
Its echoes are heard on the billows rebounding—
"On for Old Ireland and Parnell again!"
Throng 'round him bold and quick,
Dublin and Limerick,
Galway and Muskerry, throng 'round him, too;
Wexford and Donegal,
Spring to your leader's call,
On for old Ireland, and
Parnell aboo!

Who are the foes who have dared to revile him?
They who would trample your liberties down;
With glamour of ermine they failed to beguile him,
And now they are seeking to quench his renown!
Throng ye around him, then,
Ulster and Munster men,
Connaught and Leinster men, prove yourselves true;
Down with the foreign rag,
Up with your native flag!—
Ireland forever, and
Parnell aboo!

Trust not the foreigner, Tory or "Whiggamore,"
Think of the millions that died 'neath their ban!
Think of the famines that swept you from shore to shore,
Think, and be warned, each true Irishman;
Stand by your leader bold,
Proof against guile and gold,
Yield not an inch to the foreigner crew!
Heed not their "wolfish howl"—
Laden with hatred foul—
Stand for your freedom, and
Parnell aboo!

Heed not the voice of the sluggard or dreamer;
Heed not the sneers of the venal and cold;
'Tis soul makes the strength of a nation's redeemer—
Proof against cannon, and proof against gold!
Out from each grove and glen
Rally, you stalwart men,
Still to your chief and your country be true;
Plainsman and mountaineer
Join in the ringing cheer,
"Ireland a Nation, and
Parnell aboo!"

Rise in your might against England's dictation,
Her foes are our brothers, her friends are our foes;
Cast off the chains that encumber your nation—
Flourish the Shamrock and perish the Rose!
Here, in the Promised Land,
By you we faithful stand,
While in slavery's desert you wander and rue—
A Moses has come again
Eager to break your chain,
Stand, then, by freedom, and
Parnell aboo!

And when, from the desert, old Ireland emerges,
In mantle of freedom, as green as her shore,
Her throne shall rise high o'er the wild ocean surges,
And the cheers of the nations will sound like their roar!
Then, like a ransomed queen,
Bearing her banner green,
Erin will smile on her trusted and true—
And from her voice shall ring
"Honor the 'Crownless King'*
His country's defender, our
Parnell aboo!"

J. F. F.

*Parnell has been called "Ireland's Uncrowned King."

ALL FOR PARNELL.

General Meeting of the Committees Having in Charge the Great Parnell Demonstration

To be Held at Battery D Next Monday Evening, Dec. 22—A Ringing Address Submitted and Adopted.

The meeting held at McCoy's hotel last Saturday night to indorse the record and approve the position taken by the eminent Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, was attended by about 300 prominent Irish-American citizens. M. J. Keane presided, and speeches were made by John F Finerty, Lawrence Harmon, Senator Joseph P. Mahoney, P. B. Tierney, John A. Murphy, Jr., M. J. Keane, Postmaster James A. Sexton, William C. McClure and others,

The meeting was a preliminary one to make arrangements for a Parnell demonstration mass meeting to be held at battery D, Monday evening, Dec. 22, and the following address of the committee was read by Hon. John F. Finerty:

"The Irish-Americans of Chicago have never, during the last thirty years been silent or inactive when the interest of their native land demanded voice and action. In the existing Irish crisis, the attitude of the Irish-American element of this city will be regarded with anxiety not alone in America, but also in Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish people of Chicago, as a great majority, have always been the pioneers of advanced Irish nationalism. They will not forsake that position now. They will not surrender a single principle they hold, or have held; but they will not, therefore, seek to impose their principles on such of their fellow-countrymen, either here or in Ireland, as may honestly differ from them. They believe in mutual toleration without forfeiture of self respect.

At the head of the visible Irish movement in Great Britain, Ireland, America and Australia has stood for many years, and still stands, Charles Stewart Parnell. Before this indomitable leader appeared upon the Anglo Irish political stage the Irish cause, having suffered repeated defeats, both in a so called constitutional and revolutionary sense, held only an obscure position. It was hardly considered in Great Britain, and but little reference was made to it by the rest of the world outside of Ireland. Mr. Parnell, by the boldness of his views, the brilliancy of his organizing genius, and the daring novelty of his parliamentary tactics, soon changed this aspect of affairs. Although a very young man when he was recognized as the leader of the Irish party in the British house of commons, his intrepid bearing and his thorough knowledge of the English character made him the most formidable parliamentary foe, not even excepting Daniel O'Connell, that the British politicians had ever encountered. He absolutely compelled the house of commons to listen to the voice of Ireland, notwithstanding the intense prejudice of nearly all the British members of both parties. This he did, too, at the head of a very small following, for this occurred in the days when Great Britain and Ireland had only a limited franchise, and when the aristocracy and middle classes did most of the voting for the people. The British press, too, was compelled to report the speeches of Parnell and his comrades as a matter of stirring news, and the press of America and the rest of civilized nations soon followed suit, with the result that the Irish question has ever since "held the field" in the eyes of the whole world. The celebrated policy of obstruction, of which Messrs. Parnell and Biggar were the originators, became familiar as house hold words to the reading public, and all Britain stood aghast at the audacity of the young chieftan, half Irishman, half American, who thus successfully bearded the British lion in his chosen den.

Mr. Parnell and his followers, by their exposure of the infamies of the landlord system, compelled a modification of the land laws, and, for the first time in centuries, a proud spirit of independence was breathed into the souls of the Irish tenants at will. They are no longer groveling, as of old, at the feet of their local tyrants.

Nor did Mr. Parnell, while leading the parliamentary fight in the house of commons, neglect to build up the moral power of the Irish people at home. He smote the Irish Whigs in the face, and compelled thousands of selfish vacillators to join hands with him in the cause of their common country. He did not hesitate to extend his sympathy to the Fenian prisoners, and he spared no efforts to effect their release. He received Sergeant McCarthy and his comrades when they were liberated, and he was present when McCarthy, broken down by the hardships of long penal servitude, fell dead almost at the moment of liberation. He is the only Irish leader, of moral force idea, who has never condemned the revolutionary principle, and who has never rebuked the Irish people for self defensive acts.

Imprisoned by the government of Mr. Gladstone in 1881, his policy compelled the whig prime minister to virtually capitulate and throw open the prison doors. He was mainly instrumental in passing the new franchise act, which gave to Ireland, as well as Great Britain, popular representation, and, in the fall of 1885, he succeeded in electing eighty five Irish home rule members to parliament out of a total of 103. He broke into the Tory constituencies of Ulster and rescued the greater portion of that splendid province from the stigma of being the modern English Pale. This great moral victory, together with the knowledge that "rebel" as well as "constitutional" Ireland was behind Mr. Parnell, compelled Mr. Gladstone to bring in his celebrated home rule bill of April, 1886. Upon the defeat of that bill by the secession from Mr. Gladstone of Hartington, Chamberlain, Goschen and other liberal unionists, Mr. Parnell appealed to Ireland, and again Ireland sent back eighty five members to the London parliament to declare her right and purpose to be free and independent. The Irish of Liverpool also elected, at Parnell's request, a home rule member, which raised the total Irish force in the hostile house of commons to eighty six members. But England defeated Gladstone's measure, and Gladstone asked Parnell to be patient and bide his time. Mr. Parnell was patient—too patient—but, while accepting Gladstone's measure of home rule, he took care to say that no man, or body of men, could fix the limits of a nation's ambition, and that he could give no guarantee for the demands of posterity. He proved himself a loyal ally of Mr. Gladstone's, and neither by word nor act did he betray the confidence or impede the policy of the English liberal leader. But an hour of social misfortune—a misfortune that befell many great men before him—came upon Mr. Parnell. No man could accuse him of having betrayed his country in thought word or deed. Yet, at almost the first darkening of the social thunder cloud, Mr Gladstone, whose associates have found Mr. Parnell too honestly stubborn for their selfish purposes, and who recognized in him an Irish patriot who could neither be intimidated nor corrupted, in a letter to Mr. Morley thought proper to call for his Irish ally's political extinction. The Irish party, while fully cognizant of the facts in the divorce case, about which so much has been said, unanimously re-elected Mr Parnell, for the eleventh time, chairman of their organization. He accepted the position in good faith. Almost immediately afterward Mr. Gladstone called for his removal. He virtually called upon the Irish party to throw over, cruelly, ungratefully and ignominiously, the man they had but just unanimously, with all the facts before them, re elected, and, unfortunately, a majority of the Irish party, with a vacillation almost unparalleled in history, consented to the sacrifice. They consented to depose, at the dictation of the English Whig leader, the superb general who had led them to so many victories. The man for whom the sacrifice was made had, only a few years previously, placed all the chiefs of the Irish nation, including some of the seceders, behind the bolts and bars of Kilmainham jail.

It is not our desire to use unmitigatedly harsh language toward the Irish members who deserted Mr. Parnell, although we deplore their want of firmness and national dignity. It is not our purpose, either, to unnecessarily abuse Mr. Gladstone, although we consider his course in regard to Mr. Parnell, severe, unjust and ungenerous. We remember that Mr. Gladstone is an Englishman, and that Englishmen, however liberal and enlightened, can not be expected to look at the Irish question from a strictly Irish standpoint. We do not forget that it was Mr. Parnell who forced Mr. Gladstone to become the English champion of home rule in Ireland. He did not force that condition by being the ally, but, rather, by being the independent opponent of Mr. Gladstone in the British house of commons.

In this latest phase of the great controversy we can not forget that it was Mr. Gladstone who began the war on Mr. Parnell. We can not forget that the advisers of Mr Gladstone are Lord Spencer, Vernon Harcourt and John Morley, all former oppressors of our native country. We can not forget that Mr. Morley in a very ingenious manner sought to entrap Mr. Parnell into the acceptance of office for himself and other members of his party. This acceptance would have been a base betrayal of Ireland. Mr. Parnell sternly refused to entertain so dishonorable a proposition, and therefore the disappointed English Whigs call for his destruction. We decline to be parties to their mean revenge. Mr. Parnell's refusal to be bribed ennobles him in our estimation. He also refused to accept from Mr. Gladstone an emasculated home rule bill which would leave Ireland as much at the mercy of England and the Anglo Irish landlords as she is today.

While surrendering no principles of our own, and while firmly believing that Ireland, instructed by the example of the American colonies, the Greeks, the Belgians and the Italians, has a right to resort to force if she can effectually employ it, to achieve her liberty; and, further, that she has a moral right to seek for armed allies among England's enemies to effect that purpose, we also recognize that in the controversy between Messrs. Parnell and Gladstone, the fundamental principle of Irish independence of English dictation is involved. On that principle we stand with Parnell. We, therefore, in the name of honor, gratitude, dignity and self reliance join with the faithful constituencies of Ireland, who have nobly sustained Parnell, in sending him the assurance of our sympathy and confidence, and we propose to make this assurance more emphatic by the indorsement of a great mass meeting of his friends and fellow-countrymen in this city to be held at Battery D on Monday evening, Dec. 22

We urge Mr. Parnell to maintain the attitude of independence of English political parties which he has reassumed; and we declare that, while he maintains this attitude, and holds the Irish national flag aloft, through storm as through sunshine, the men of the Irish race in this city will be as a living rampart around both flag and leader. We recognize his peculiar surroundings, and realize the difficulties that beset him, and we, therefore, abstain from seeking to commit Mr. Parnell to any policy, which, however dear to us, is beyond his power to adopt or pursue. In return we hope he will respect the principles which he must know we cherish, and which England, in the event of the failure of moral efforts for the freedom of Ireland, shall see developed in a manner at once practical and convincing.

M. J. KEANE,
JAMES C DTRAIN,
JOHN J MAHONEY,
FRANCIS D. KINSELLA,
HENRY F. DONOVAN,
MICHAEL C MEANEY.
LAWRENCE R. BUCKLEY,
HENRY P FLEMING,
JOHN F. FINERTY.

The reading of the address was interrupted by frequent outbursts of applause and it was unanimously adopted. The following committees were then appointed:

On Speakers—Hon. M. McInerney, Senator J. P Mahoney, H P. Fleming, M J. Kelly, John A. Murphy, Jr., John J. Mahoney.

On Hall and Printing—Lawrence R. Buckley, M. S. Hyland, Henry F. Donovan, James Bradley, John S. Mullen, Daniel O'Connor, P. B. Tierney, Hugh Jordan.

On Finance—William McCoy, John McGovern, J J. Fitzgibbon, James A. Sexton, Frank Kinsella, Wm C McClure Alderman John Powers, John Foley, William Gavin, Michael Fitzgerald, J J. Sullivan, C P. Hearighty, Jas. Lyman, Michael McNamara, Daniel Corkery, Michael McNamara, Daniel Corkery, James H Joyce, James Sheahan, Lawrence Harmon, John S Thomas.

The general committee will meet again at McCoy's Hotel this (Saturday) evening to make final arrangements for the Battery D meeting on Monday evening.

A NOBLE WELCOME.

That Given by "Rebel Cork" to Its Chosen Chief, Parnell.

The Leader's Speech.

CORK'S "CEAD MILLE FAILTHE."

CORK, Dec. 11.—Mr. Parnell's reception in this city was similar to that accorded him in Dublin, his welcome being of the most enthusiastic character. An address from the National League was presented to him in the Chamber of Commerce, where a tremendous crowd had gathered to greet him. After a storm of cheers Mr. Parnell, in reply to the address, said: "I come among you confident and with a prpud heart in the belief that while CORK and Parnell are united Ireland is united." Here there was a slight interruption, due to the breaking of a glass in the door at the entrance to the hall by the pressure of the crowd.

Mr. Parnell resumed: "I am proud of Cork, which has given a verdict for me without waiting to hear my side of the case. With such men I need not fear the loss of Gladstone's trumpery bill, which would allow the police to baton us, the landlords to desecrate the country as heretofore, and would give Ireland nothing which Irishmen could not get for themselves without a bill. It is not for such a measure that Cork retains the proud title of 'Rebel.'"

Mr. Parnell continued in the vein that marked his Dublin speech. He declared that never in Gladstone's palmiest days had he dismissed the idea for a single instant that Ireland and Gladstone might yet again be in conflict. "If he wishes to lead you," said he "let him come to Cork with the recreant members of the Irish party and try. The wise, Grand Old Man will be still wiser after making your acquaintance. No more absurd panic ever spread throughout a compact army than the fact that there is any danger to the cause of Home Rule because you are true to your leader. I leave the cause in your hands, knowing that there it will be safe. I could not look you in the face if I did not speak true words. Fire from Heaven should scorch me if I were so untrue to a country and a people that have loved me. (Cheers.) You would justly ban me as disgraced and disgraceful. But I am not so. I can hold up my head and face the world and present a stout, brave front to every reviler so long as I know that you trust me. (Cries of 'We do.') I am powerful and happy and our enemies are disgraced and confounded. (Loud cheers and cries of 'You will win,' 'We well fight for you.') I have practically been called from a bed of sickness and pain, but Cork has done more for me than all physicians and medicines could do. I shall go forth to battle sharing your strength and confidence, and we shall gain an overwhelming, glorious victory." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Mr. Parnell was followed by several other speakers, at the conclusion of whose addresses, in response to calls from the street, he expressed briefly from a window his appreciation of the reception given him.

The people unharnessed the horses from the omnibus in which Parnell rode and dragged it to the hotel. Notwithstanding a heavy rain the route was lined with cheering spectators, who stood eight deep on either side. Hundreds of torches lighted up the ranks of the paraders, who marched to the patriotic airs of a dozen bands.

A Parnell Meeting.

A meeting of Mr. Parnell's supporters was held at Madison Street Theatre, last Saturday evening. It was indifferently advertised, and the attendance was rather small, but decidedly enthusiastic. Those present were addressed by John Devoy, P. W. Dunne, T. P. O'Connor, E. M. Lahiff and others. A branch of the Irish National League was formed, and a message of sympathy sent to Mr. Parnell.

Irish Columbian Club.

On Sunday a meeting of this recently formed, but active and promising body, was held at Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Adams and Halsted streets, for purposes of organization, adoption of rules, etc. Mr. P. G. Smyth presided, and eloquent addresses were delivered by Messrs. Eugene Davis, O'Connor, of LaSalle, Higgins, Redmond and others. Several new members were enrolled. The club has been established for the purpose of promoting social intercourse and literary culture among the young Irishmen and Irish-Americans of Chicago, and of enabling them to mutually assist one another in the honorable walks of life. One of its leading objects is the advancement of the national cause of Ireland. Several prominent Irish American citizens have offered their cordial support and co operation in establishing the club on a firm and lasting basis. Next meeting on Sunday, at 3 p m., when the establishment of regular club rooms, the question of location, etc., will be discussed.

Censorship of the Press.

Under the lottery law framed by congress and the instructions given by the postmaster general to his subordinates throughout the country, there is serious danger of encroachments on the liberty of the press that should be rebuked and opposed by the newspapers of the country without regard to party lines.

These postmasters are instructed to act as censors and inspect all second class matter, and whenever the postmaster finds what he considers unlawful matter, or even suspects that articles are of that character, he is authorized to suppress the publication and refuse it passage through the mails.

This dangerous innovation is claimed under the specious pretext of suppressing lottery advertisements, and so far the public seems to acquiesce without a protest against this new assumption of power. If this step meets with popular favor then the next move will be to examine first-class matter, breaking the seals of letters in search of contraband publications or writings. If that be accomplished then we will rapidly forget the Louisiana State Lottery in the multitude of grounds upon which these postmasters can act as censors of press and people.—*Lexington (Ky.) Press, Nov 5*

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS.

Irishmen of that City Refuse to Desert Parnell.

[Nashville American.]

The Parnell Branch of the Irish National League held a meeting at Simmons' Hall, Union street, last Sunday afternoon. It was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings of the members that has been had during the last twelve months. The pending crisis in political affairs in Ireland was the cause of the interest taken in the meeting.

The members agreed to stand by the action, taken at the meeting of Nov. 23, indorsing and supporting Parnell for the great service he has done in bringing Ireland in sight of success. The members also expressed their opinion in regard to the deplorable situation of the Irish Parliamentary party. It was also the sense of the meeting that John Fitzgerald, president of the Irish National League of America, take formal action by calling a convention of the Irish National League of America; that he urge and press the delegates to demand of the Irish Parliamentary party unity of action and a united front, pledging themselves in convention that not another dollar will be contributed for Irish political agitation until unity is effected.

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC."

Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan's Criticism.

[The Home Magazine.]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TO IRELAND.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

If the chains that were forged but to blight
could only be broken by thee,
And peace would smile down on thy face like
the sun on a crystalline sea;

If the cloud-drifts once rent could reveal sweet
Mercy installed on a throne,
And the heart of each lord of the soil were no
longer as cold as a stone;

If soul would but echo to soul, and hand be enfolded in hand,
And brothers would kneel at one shrine as
scions and sons of one land;

If those who lie gyved in dark cells that thou
should'st be boundless and free,
Were but given a place on thy breast—restored
unto light and to thee;

If thy flag were a symbol of life, as it waved o'er
thy welcoming sky,
And thy charter of freedom were writ on pages
that never could die:

If the torpor that palsied thy pulse were no
longer the sleep of the tomb,
If Plenty rained gold on each mart, and Labor
struck strength in each loom;

If the toil of the struggle were o'er, and the
sweet subtle essence of calm
Could but pour on thy centuried wounds the
salve of its wonderful balm;

If the palm were but plucked from the dust, and
the goal of thy trumpet were won,
If thy march as a nation commenced where thy
race as a province had run—

What an Eden on earth wouldn't thou be, in the
light of thy glory arrayed—
A light that should shimmer and glow till the
gleam of each starlet would fade!

For thy crown should be ever as welcome as thy
cross—it was rude to bear,
Like the joy that can start resurgent from the
shadowy crypts of care!

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

IRELAND'S DECISION

Is Strongly in Favor of Mr. Parnell's Leadership.

The Following Irish Bodies Have Declared for Him:

Lismore Board of Guardians.
Central Branch of the National League.
Nenagh Town Commissioners.
Ballylanders National League.
Waterford National League.
Newry Catholic Workingmen.
Mullingar Board of Guardians.
Mullingar Town Commissioners.
Athlone Board of Guardians.
Athlone National League.
Kilbeggan Dispensary Committee.
Westmeath Independent Club.
Cabinteely Branch of the County Dublin National Registration Association.
Trim Town Commissioners.
Abbeyleix Board of Guardians.
The Nationalist Town Commissioners of Newry.
Maryborough Town Commissioners.
Rathmines National League.
South Dock Ward National Registration Association, (Dublin.)
Rathdrum, Ballinrobe, Eyrecourt, Meelick, Clonfert, Roscommon, Cardonagh, Doon and Clones National Leagues.
Cork Vintners Society.
Kingstown Town Commissioners.
Greenclough, Moynalty and Borris-in-Ossory National Leagues.
Catholic National Club, Clonmel.
Irish Harpers G A. C., Hazelhatch.
Irish National Foresters, Branch Brother Shears, Cork.
Dublin Victuallers Association.
Cork Young Ireland Society.
Kinkora Club, Limerick.
Ballina Town Commissioners.
Cahir National League.
Dalkey and Ballybrack Irish National Leagues.
Students of the Catholic University School of Medicine.
The Cork Corporation.
Tubbercurry Board of Guardians.
Waterford Board of Guardians.
The Corporation of Drogheda.
Lismore National League.
Galway Board of Guardians.
Naas Board of Guardians.
Omagh National League.
Ennis Board of Guardians.
The G A. A., Ballinasloe.
The Limerick Amnesty Committee.
The Clonmel Amnesty Committee.
Nationalists of Newport, Mayo.
Coore (Clare) I. N. L.
Armagh Gaelic Club.
College Green National League.
Pembroke Township Registration Association.
Cork National League.
Drogheda Tenants Defense Association.
Bagnalstown National League.
Tenants Defense Association and other Nationalists, Ennis.
Lugacurran National League.
Derry City National League.
Bray National League.
Newmarket-on Fergus Athletic Club.
Ballyshannon Board of Guardians.
Monaghan National League.
Lismore Town Commissioners.
Two hundred delegates of the Irish National League of Great Britain.
Workingmen's Club of Dublin.
Kildysart National League.
Miltown Malbay National League.
Leinster Literary Society.
Kilrush Union.
Castleblayney National League.
Mansion House Ward Branch of the National League.
Bohercrowe Gaelic Club.
Caherline National League.
Blackrock National Registration Association.
Ballina National League.
Irish Protestant Home Rule Associa'n.
Young Ireland Society of Tralee.
Pettigo National League.
Dundalk Young Ireland Society.
Dublin National Club.
Wexford Board of Guardians.
New Ross Board of Guardians.
New Ross Town Commissioners.
Principal League branches of South Wexford.
Kilkee National League.
Wicklow Town Commissioners.
Coppagh (Omagh) National League.
Edenderry National League.
The Dublin Corporation.
Kenturk Labor Federation.
'Ninety Club Students Society, Dublin.
Kilkenny Workingmen's Society.
Dunmore (Galway) Gaelic Athletic Association.
Manorhamilton Catholic Young Men's Society.
Wicklow National League.
Sarsfield Branch, I.N.L., Limerick.
Rathcormac (Westmeath) Irish National League.
Tuam, Caherlane and Corofin Gaelic Clubs.
Ballycallun, Kilmanagh and Killaloe (Co Kilkenny) National Leagues.
Newport Nationalists.
Bagnalstown Young Men's Society.
Confederation Club, Kilkenny.
Shanagolden National League.
The Burgesses of Trinity Ward and Rotunda Ward, Dublin.
Irish Federated Trade and Labor Union, Waterford.
Nenagh National League.
Kildysart Board of Guardians.
City Branch I N L, Limerick.
Nationalists, Ballinakill (Queen Co.)
Knocknagree, Banteer, Kenturk and Kilbrin branches of Labor Federation.
National League of Omagh.
Tuam Town Commissioners.
Naas Town Commissioners.
Cork National League.
Rathfarnam National League.
Board of Guardians, North Dublin Union.
Cavan Nationalists.
Limerick Protestant Home Rule Association.
Dromkeen National League.
Castlerea Gaelic Club.
Maryborough Gaelic Club.
Newtown (Dublin) National League.
Tipperary Board of Guardians
O'Brien Dalton Gaelic Club, Clonmel.
Urlingford Board of Guardians.
Knocklong National League.
Listowel National League, Listowel town commissioners, the Kilkenny, Nenagh, Clonmel, Mitchelstown, Mullingar, Ennis corthy, Newcastlewest, Westport, Carrickmackross, Ennis, Naas, Ballina, and Limerick boards of guardians. The Rathkeale, Tuam, Roscommon, New Ross, Nenagh, Monaghan, Thurles, an Clonmel town commissioners. The Limerick National League, Waterford National Club, Dublin National Club, Kenturk Labor Federation, Westmeath Independent Club, New market on Fergus Labor Federation, and the Mountjoy Ward Registration Association.

And many other counties to be heard from, all going the same way.

CAPT. BOURKE'S BRILLIANT HUNT.

Capt. James E. Bourke, of Marshall Field & Co., has just returned from an extensive and interesting hunting trip in the Indian Territory. On Nov. 21st a party consisting of Capt. Bourke, Messrs Sherman, McNamara and West, of Wichita; Mr. Walton, banker, of Harper, Kas.; Mr. Clark, of New York; Mr. Cummings, of Kingfisher, two teamsters and a cook, left Kingfisher in the early morning hours for the Cheyenne and Cherokee country. Their outfit consisted of two wagons, two tents, a saddle horse, cooking apparatus, and several first class repeating rifles and shot guns. They had a splendid run of luck, and a large number of deer, turkeys, quails, black eagles and other game, eatable and uneatable, fell victims to their unerring skill. Capt. Bourke has brought home a magnificent set of buck antlers in testimony of his prowess, and he also had the rare good fortune to kill a genuine wild boar of the largest size. Somebody informed the marshal of the district of the advent of the party, but they outflanked him in a masterly manner, and their sport was pursued without serious interruption. They got back to Kingfisher on Dec. 7th, safe and sound. Capt Bourke has regaled many of his Chicago friends with presents of venison and wild pork.

St. Vincents Infant Asylum.

A fair in aid of this most deserving institution, is proposed to be held early in the spring. From the enthusiasm of the friends of the house and its helpless little charges, a great success is anticipated. The preliminary steps are already taken, and every one concerned is hopeful of the most cheering results.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Patrick Sullivan, a pig buyer, residing in Blarney street, Cork, has been arrested charged with having murdered his wife.

James Molyneaux Murphy, solicitor, who served his apprenticeship to the firm of Blake Bros, Cork, has decided on practising in the town of Tralee. He is a nephew of Rev. John Molyneaux, P. P., Castlegregory.

About twenty seaweed gatherers narrowly escaped destruction by the fall of a large portion of cliff into the sea at Fohonaugh, near Dingle.

Rev. Michael Burke, P.P., Kilmaley Clare, died on the 19th ult.

The dead body of a man named Cotter was found near Newcastlewest recently. It is considered he died from hunger.

The Shannon is on a rampage. Between Athlone and Seven Churches sixty families had to leave their homes owing to their houses being flooded.

The Westport guardians have abandoned the proposed Clogher lake water supply, the analysis being unfavorable.

The Gort guardians have ordered that the advertisements of the union be published in the Irish language in future.

Thomas Clarence E. Goff, Esq., No. 53 Hans road, London, S. W.; Godfrey R. Willsanford, Esq., Castleres House, Castlerea; and Nicholas R. O'Connor, Esq., J. P., Dundermott, Ballymoe, have been recommended by the judges for the office of high sheriff of Roscommon.

Michael Byrne, a drayman in the employment of McArdle, Moore & Co., brewers Dundalk, was accidentally killed on the 17 ult.

HOOLEY'S.

LAST WEEK, COMMENCING

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1890,

The Legitimate Irish Comedian, MR.

JOSEPH MURPHY,

Supported by the Talented Young Leading Actress, MISS

BELLE MELVILLE,

And a carefully selected Company.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights,

In his New Play,

THE DONAGH,

A picture of Ireland as it exists today among the gentry and peasantry, introducing Panoramic Views of the beautiful

LAKES of KILLARNEY,

Thursday Matinee and Night, and Friday, Saturday Matinee and Night,

In the greatest of all Irish Dramas, The

KERRY GOW,

Played by him with unparalleled success for Fourteen consecutive Seasons.

Sunday, Dec. 28, last night of Mr. Murphy in Kerry Gow. Seats now on sale for entire engagement. No Wednesday Matinee.

THE SONG OF THE MARKET PLACE.

Gay was the throng that poured through the
streets of the old French town;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags
tossed up and down
"Vive l'roi! Vive l'roi!" the shout of the people
rent the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells
were all ablare

But, crouched by St. Peter's fount, a beggar with
her child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were
sad and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried as it went
and came:
"Alms, for the love of God! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she
bore;
But she looked at her starving babe and cried
from her heart the more:
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu,
hear!"
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was
drowned in a cheer

But see! through the thoughtless crowd comes
one with a regal face,
He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a
gentle grace:
"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul!—Alas, not a
sou to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat and stands in the
crowded square

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the
south,
A far off cradle song, that fell from his mother's
mouth.
And the din was hushed in the square, and the
people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thrasian wood when Orpheus
touched his lute

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the
list'ners came
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up
the name.
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of
gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed like Midas' chests
of old

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar,
crouching there,
"Take it; the gold is thine; Jesu hath heard thy
prayer!"—
Then kissed the white faced child, and smiling
went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of
holiday

That night, when the footlights shone on the
famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his
wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and stormed at with
flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms
blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he
had sung in the square.
Raising his hand he smiled, and a silence filled
the place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love light
on his face

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note
died away—
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won
that day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's
sake,
Song of the market place, tribute of laurel take.

—James Buckham.

DER ALTE CHAPERON.

They all thought he was a fool; but then they often make mistakes like that. Kangaroos can't jump like women when the women are jumping at conclusions. You see, the trouble was that Collis Beattie—Collie they called him when they wanted to be funny—did not have much to say. He used to lie about the hotel veranda in a big steamer chair and read novels. He wore a yachting suit and cap and a silk shirt. He did not look a bit salt, because the skin of his face was as white and as smooth as a baby's. So they laughed at him for wearing a yachting suit. All the other fellows wore them, because it was a yachting port upon the sound, and pretty much every one went in for sailing, which was about all there was to do at the place. Collie went sailing once or twice when some generous fellow took pity on him and invited him. Then the women laughed at him more, and in strange German called him Der Alte Chaperon—the Old Chaperon—because he always went down into the cabin, stretched himself on a locker and fell asleep. They said he was afraid the spray would spoil his complexion.

Collie didn't seem to know that he was being laughed at. If he did know it he did not mind it. He never said anything, but went on reading novels. German novels, too; and he read them in the original. It was most exasperating. What business had a man at a gay, active summer resort to wear nautical toggery, have a skin like a queen's baby and read German novels? Once some one said to him:

"Come and play a game of billiards."

"Thank you," he replied, "it's a little too much for me you know."

He certainly was a fool—and a lazy one, too. They tried him on several things, but he lay in the steamer chair and read German. And there were at least six beautiful girls in the hotel. And every one of them had been piqued into trying to interest him. But he just staid in the steamer chair and read German, or went to sleep in the cabin of the yacht.

He didn't get seasick. They remembered that after he was gone, as one of his good qualities. They had him out one day when it blew fresh and there was a lively sea on, but he went to sleep like a rocked infant. He certainly was the most torpid man that ever lived.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bisbee one morning, "Miss Silvers is coming here next week. Perhaps she'll wake him up."

"You don't mean Mattie Silvers, do you?" exclaimed Gertie Greer.

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, dear!"

And Gertie's mouth went down at the corners.

"What's the matter with Mattie Silvers?" inquired Ethel Brisket.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gertie, dejectedly; "only I was at a place where she was once."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Sybil Vane, that tall, white girl, you remember.

"Well," sighed Gertie, "every man in the house dropped right down at her feet."

"Oh, my! is she so very wonderful?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gertie; "just the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with two little millions in her own right."

There was a painful silence and all the young women looked glum. Gertie was not a girl to be sneezed at, and she used her mirror. Her dejection was ominous. The girls gazed anxiously at Mrs. Bisbee.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," she said smoothly, "but I'm afraid it's true."

"What's her style?" asked Sybil.

"Brown," replied Mrs. Bisbee, sententiously.

"Brown?"

"Yes; burnt sienna. Burnt sienna hair and eyes, dusky pink cheeks, dusky crimson lips, silk plush complexion—all cream and coax—and two millions from her uncle," said Harold Beaver, who had just come up.

There was a general biting of lips.

"Haven't seen her for three years," he continued, "and"——

"Ah! Perhaps she has faded!" exclaimed Ethel.

"The dusky browns don't fade much," said Harold.

"No," said Mrs. Bisbee. "I saw her in a box at the Metropolitan last winter, and she was radiant."

"Why, she doesn't belong in New York," Sybil said.

"No, Baltimore," responded Harold.

"I don't see what she wants to come away up here for," grumbled Ethel spitefully. "What's the matter with Chesapeake bay?"

"Well, she's coming next week," said Mrs. Bisbee, moving away with Harold. "I had a letter from her mother today."

"I hope she'll like him," said Ethel, looking scornfully at Collie in his steamer chair.

"That will not do any good," answered Gertie; "the other men will all like her."

"Of course," said Sybil; "we're not worth two millions, any of us."

"And we're not dusky browns," snapped Ethel, caressing a stray raven lock; "'all cream and coax.' Humph!"

"But she's a lovely girl," sighed Gertie; "or she was two years ago. I haven't met her since then. I was at Cape May. You can't help liking her."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I will," decided Ethel as they rose to go down to the water.

The day before this paragon of heiresses was expected Phil Partridge invited all hands to go sailing on his sloop. And then he got a telegram which compelled him to go to the city. But he insisted on their going sailing just the same. His sailing master would take them, and they could invite Der Alte Chaperon to go along as his substitute. That made them laugh. But they got Collie out of his steamer chair and took him along just the same. Of course, he went right down into the cabin and prepared to go to sleep.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bisbee, "that's a little too bad. The only man in the party. I wouldn't stand it, girls."

"Man!" exclaimed Ethel. "Call that pudding faced gelatine a man! Lord forgive us."

"Oh, I say, Ethel," remonstrated Gertie, "you ought not to talk like that."

"Don't say 'ought' to me. I'm tired of doing what I ought to do."

Ethel was 26 and her skin was growing yellow under her eyes.

"Go down into the cabin and keep Der Alte Chaperon awake," suggested Sybil.

"Do it yourself."

"Not such a bad idea," said Sybil, slipping down the companionway.

Collie Beattie was not asleep yet. He sat up and stared as the tall, white girl came below.

"Awfully good of you, you know," he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so very good; but what do you mean?"

"I mean your coming down here to keep me awake."

Sybil turned just a trifle pink under the ears. Had he been listening to their conversation on deck? It must have edified him, she thought.

"I came down to keep myself awake," she said hastily, and then added, inconsistently, "Why don't you go on deck and enjoy the breeze?"

"Because I can't enjoy the breeze," he answered.

"It's too strong for you, I suppose," said Sybil, with a touch of scorn.

"Yes, much too strong."

"Makes you chilly."

"Yes, makes me chilly."

"Might spoil your complexion."

"My what?"

"Your complexion."

"Didn't know I had any."

"You're as white and pink as a baby."

"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

"Neither do I. I should think you'd get a little sunburn on you just from shame."

Collie laughed. He seemed to be immensely amused. He had a funny way of being amused at things that didn't amuse other people. It was jolly for him, but it made the other people angry.

"If you're going to laugh at my conversation I'm going back to the—the girls," exclaimed Sybil, springing up the steps.

Collie laughed some more. Then he stretched himself on the cabin locker and laughed again. Next he closed his eyes and smiled. A minute later he was sound asleep. All the women came down and looked at him half an hour later. He didn't seem much to look at. He had deep lines under his eyes when he slept, and a worn appearance. Yet they all looked at him and despised him. He just slept on and didn't mind it.

"Valuable person to have on a yachting excursion, isn't he?" whispered Ethel, with a genuine growl in her pretty voice. "If I had a thing like that for a husband I'd—but I'd never have one."

"Let's go on deck. I do believe it's fallen dead calm," said Mrs. Bisbee.

So it had. The Clover's mast was plumb perpendicular. So were her mainsail and her jib. The water looked like molasses. And it was seething hot. The skipper said there was going to be a squall, and sent the one sailor, a boy, aloft to furl the topsail. The skipper was right. There was going to be a squall. Big blue black clouds were piling up in the northwest. Lightning played around their lower edges. The skipper said it would not be a bad squall. The Clover would stand it under jib and mainsail. It came along in a few minutes. You could see it strike the water over near the Connecticut shore. It made the surface six shades darker. The girls had their rubber goods on, but the skipper said it would not rain. However, they had heard skippers say that before. The squall came bounding over the sound.

Then, they never knew how it happened, but the boom gave a terrific jump right across the yacht. It hit the skipper on the head and knocked him senseless. The next moment he was halfway over the lee rail with seven shrieking women pulling at him. The yacht was pretty nearly on her beam ends and the sailor boy was paralyzed.

Then Collie Beattie walked up out of the cabin rubbing his eyes.

"Did some one scream?" he asked.

"Oh, look at that useless thing!" cried Ethel, tugging at the leg of the skipper's trousers.

Whereupon Collie woke up.

He brushed the women aside like so many flies and pulled the skipper into the cockpit. Then he let go the jib sheet, and the yacht righted partly.

"Here, my lad," he called to the boy, "take the wheel." The boy obeyed, and Collie pulled off his coat. There was a red spot in each of his cheeks.

"What's he going to do?" inquired Gertie, awestruck.

"Lord knows I'm glad to see him do anything," said Ethel.

"Hard down upon your helm!" exclaimed Der Alte Chaperon. "Mrs. Bisbee, you and Miss Sybil please hold the wheel there a minute. Now, lad, main sheet; in with it!"

Collie and the boy got the main boom trimmed flat as the yacht came up into the wind. The jib flapped madly.

"Right your helm!" cried Collie.

"The boy obeyed the order.

"Keep your head to it," was his next order.

Then Collie sprang forward and slacked the jib halyards, unbent the sheet, slid out on the bowsprit, which was plunging into the young seas like a crazy porpoise, reefed the jib, came back, bent on the sheet and hoisted away again, while the women huddled in the cockpit like petrified mummies.

"Now let her blow," said Collie as he went aft, put on his coat and took the wheel.

"Get the captain below," said he to the boy, "and give him a good horn of brandy. He's coming to."

The boy dragged the skipper downstairs, the women all following in silence to see if they could do anything. Sybil Vane asked the boy when they were below whether he hadn't better go up and sail the yacht.

"Guess not," said the boy. "That feller don't need no help. I can see that without a telenscup."

The boy's judgment appeared to be right. It was blowing great guns. But the Clover was riding like a canvasback duck. Collie looked very composed at the wheel. The girl stared up the companionway at him. He seemed to be enjoying it. The captain recovered his senses presently and hurried on deck.

"Go below and lie down, captain," said Collie; "your head must be rattling like a locker of shot in a gale."

The captain looked surprised.

"Who reefed the jib?" he asked.

"I did," said Collie, humoring her neatly with the helm.

The captain watched him do it. Then he went below and stretched himself on Collie's favorite locker.

"That man's the best amateur sailor I ever saw," he said.

The women looked at one another and heaved long sighs of relief.

"That useless thing appears to be some good after all," said Mrs. Bisbee to Ethel.

"Hum!" said Ethel.

Collie sailed the Clover back to her anchorage off the hotel after the squall. They all went ashore and he immediately retired to his room and was seen no more until the next day. About noon he was discovered in the steamer chair with an unusually formidable German novel. They surrounded him and began to thank him for bringing them in safely. He didn't seem to pay much attention to them. Just kept listening for something down the road. Presently the hotel stage came rattling up from the station.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Bisbee, beckoning the girls. And they all deserted their preserver to see the beautiful heiress. She was beautiful. There was no mistaking that. The girls groaned inwardly. She came airily up the steps, her brown eyes aflame with expectation. She caught sight of Der Alte Chaperon lying in his steamer chair. She ran right to him, threw both arms about his neck and publicly kissed him on the lips.

"Collie dear!" she said passionately. "But, dear old fellow, you look real done up, and I expected to find you so much better."

Better? He must have been sick, then, when he came down.

"Well, sweetheart," he replied, laughing, "I have been mending slowly but surely till yesterday, when I had to do a little work aboard a boat and"——

"Aboard a boat! Now, dear, you know the doctor said you were not to exert yourself, and when you sail a boat you always"——

"But we got caught in a squall and the captain—well, perhaps these young ladies will explain. Let me introduce you all to my fiancee."

And then the whole crew of them figuratively got right down on their knees and worshiped Der Alte Chaperon.

It isn't much of a story, is it? But then it has a moral. Two, maybe.—W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

Dr. Koch was until ten years ago an obscure country physician. His practice and his reputation did not extend beyond the limits of the little town of Woolstein, a place so small and unimportant that it is only with much difficulty it can be found upon the map.

PROFIT IN LITTLE THINGS.

A Successful Inventor Tells What He Has Found Most Advantageous.

William Westlake, the railroad inventor, whose patents have made a fortune for him, started in life as a roller boy in the Wisconsin office in the days when this paper, which now keeps the fastest of presses hustling to get off its daily edition, was printed weekly on an old Franklin press. Becoming dissatisfied with his salary of $2 per week, he severed his connection with the establishment and tried his hand at several jobs, learning, among other things, tinsmithing, and finally drifting into railroading.

As a coppersmith he got work on the old La Crosse road and became an engineer. He "filled" the first locomotive ever run in Wisconsin, and stuck to engigineering until one night he mistook a swinging lantern for the conductor's signal, and starting his engine just as an old lady was boarding the train, threw her down and cut off her leg. He resigned and set about inventing a conductor's lantern that should be unmistakable.

The result was the half green, half white lantern that is used now the world over. The glass could not be made in this country, and it was three years before he got one made in Europe. While working on the La Crosse road he invented the railroad lantern with a movable globe, which is now universally used. He offered that invention to two Milwaukee gentlemen for $350, but they laughed at him. Since then millions have been sold and fortunes made out of them.

In 1863 he went to Chicago with $250 and started a business that became the Adams & Westlake Manufacturing company, which employs 3,000 men. Mr. Westlake made inventions by the hundreds and sold the patents, but he says he never got 1 per cent. of the amount other people made from his inventions. "I sold my stove board for $100,000," he said, "and the manufacturers make that much every year out of it."

Mr. Westlake had on his hands a great many patent lawsuits, and getting tired of the worry six years ago he sold all his patents remaining for $60,000 and with them the lawsuits. His home is in Brooklyn, and there he spends his time free from business cares.

Mr. Westlake's patents are counted by the hundreds. He invented the headlight, the car lamps, the oil stove and dozens of other things for every day use. He has recently made some great improvements in the headlight. He says that he has found that it is the little things that pay, and that there is no money in inventing costly machinery.

He is at present amusing himself by trying to invent a substance with which to coat the bottom of his yacht which will prevent the formation of barnacles. He says he has made a sort of enamel, so smooth that nothing can stick to it, and it has worked very well on a centerboard. He thinks it will work as well on the bottom of the boat.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Suspense.

"One night," said a chemist, "a doctor came and woke me out of a sound sleep to prepare morphine powders for an old gentleman named Martin, who had been ill for some time. I weighed out the morphine and put it up according to direction, but thought while I was doing so that the powders seemed to be unusually large. Next morning, when I was arranging things in the shop, I found that there was a ten grain weight in the scale beneath the one the prescription called for, and each of those powders was ten grains too large.

"A cold chill ran down my back when I realized the mistake, for it meant almost certain death. A short time afterward the doctor came in, and I thought my time had come. Bracing up as well as possible, I asked:

" 'How is Martin this morning, Doctor?'

" 'He's dead.'

" 'Did those powders kill him?' I stammered out, and in fear and trembling awaited the answer. But the first words relieved me:

" 'No; the powders had nothing to do with it. He died half an hour before they were received.'"—New York Ledger.

A Negro's Keys to Heaven.

The Herald is in possession of a cane with quite a history. Tom Goodyear, an old negro, aged about 86 years, died. In his deathbed was a common walking stick, on the handle of which were two leather straps, to which were attached two keys—one large and the other small. The old negro carried the cane during the last twenty-five years of his life. He never went without it, and always proclaimed that the small key would open his way into the better world, and that the large key, should he not go to that desired land, would allow him to escape from the doors of that land which is hotter than this. But when Goodyear died he left the keys and stick by his side while his spirit departed to that undiscovered land. It matters not to which place the good old colored man went, he will find the doors open for his reception.—Palatka (Fla.) Herald.

A Romance; Hence Guntown.

It was shortly after the Revolutionary war that an heir to a baronetcy in England, and possessing the warlike name of Gunn, proved himself a Tory of the most notorious stripe. Rather than live in commune with the creatures of a republic he joined the Chickasaw Indians and became a chief. He married a fair daughter of the tribe, and by the marriage a lovely child was born, and Okalallah became the pride of the Chickasaw nation and was noted for her beauty, comeliness and modesty. Hence the name of Guntown.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

James P. Voorhees, of Detroit, a son of the senator, is an author, an actor and a sculptor of acknowledged merit, and he has written a play which those who have read it are confident will prove a success. Mr. Voorhees' well known piece of sculpture, the "Head of the Saviour," was said by Cardinal Gibbons to be the best expression of the subject he had ever seen.

Catarrh Cured.

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self-addressed stamped envelop to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this free recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York.

A Word for the Dude.

I am moved to say a word in defense of the dude. The primal meaning of the word was intended to convey the idea of a forceless, vapid, useless nonentity, of less account in the world than foam, and as superfluous as a second handle to a teacup. But more and more the word is becoming estranged from its original import. It is getting to be quite the thing to revile a young man for wearing clean linen and maintaining a courteous demeanor. The very fact that he is a gentleman both in apparel and conduct is enough to let loose all the dogs of ridicule upon him.

Ride in any street car, full of tobacco spitting, mannerless boors, and see how the sneer goes round if there appears in their midst a gentleman who wears gloves, is exceedingly polite and refrains from the everlasting expectoration! If he is faultlessly attired the last straw is added to forbearance, and he is stigmatized as a "dude." A pretty pass we have come to when all the pleasant attributes of courtesy, consideration, cleanliness and civility are at a discount in public places, and only the riotous, rough and elbowing, pushing, inconsiderate boors are held high in popular estimation.

Cleanliness is not incompatible with mankind, neither is it necessary to chew tobacco, go unshaven and unkempt to prove yourself a son of Mars or a descendant of Thor. Brawn of muscle and brawn of brain are enviable possessions, but they need the setting of innate good breeding and wholesome personal appearance to make them effective, just as the finest picture that ever was painted is greatly enhanced in value by a setting and a frame.—Chicago Herald.

The Smile and the Laugh.

"The chief characteristic that I notice in my friends after a long separation from them," remarked a gentleman recently, "is that they laugh less than they used to."

"Do you not consider that encouraging?" asked a lady present. "Is it not a sign of increased sense that people grow more serious as they grow older?"

"I—I hadn't thought of that," said the first speaker hesitatingly. "I simply thought that they had grown sadder."

"'Sadder' and 'wiser' have not been wedded for nothing in time honored proverb," laughed the lady.

"I had thought of my aged contemporaries hertofore as only to be pitied. I shall think of them after this as also to be congratulated," admitted her friend.

Probably there is nothing more absurd in a small way than the spectacle presented to the disinterested looker on by your smiling man as he appears in public, walking up the aisle of a church or riding in a car. However sweet and amiable the spirit signified by his perennial simper the simplicity of mind argued by such a "wearing of one's heart upon on's sleeve" is too patent to be agreeable. The habitual smiler or laugher, whatever else he may be, can never be a man of deep thought nor of any other depth, unless, perhaps, a hypocritical Shakespearean villain.—Christian Union.

Gen. Blank's Appeal.

Speaking of heroes recalls a good story that is current in political circles. At a congressional convention up in the state there was a number of candidates. As is the custom, each man was called upon to make a speech. Each, save one, made a modest address, and when Gen. Blank was presented the convention was quite enthusiastic. "Put it mildly, general, put it mildly," a friend whispered as Gen. Blank came forward.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said Gen. Blank as he faced the crowd of delegates and laid his hand over his heart, "you behold in me a veteran of three wars. I served the country during the rebellion. When I laid down my arms I fought in the cause of prohibition. I have fought for my country, my principles and my God," he said solemnly, "and, gentlemen of the convention," he added, expanding his chest and rolling his eyes in a frenzy that was said to be fine, "you see before you a patriot. Oh, God!" he exclaimed as he patted his chest, "what a record! What a hero!"

The silence was intense, and it was about to be broken by cheers and applause when a newspaper reporter on the stage said in a loud voice, which was heard distinctly all over the hall, "Oh, heavens! what an ass!" The convention broke into laughter that was long continued. Gen. Blank did not get the nomination.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

A TORPEDO ATTACK AT NIGHT.

A Vivid Picture of "David" and "Goliath" in Modern Naval Warfare.

The opportunity comes—a dark night and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pigmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is stanchly built and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length, and the crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus the little boat would never find her; but "Goliath" becomes uneasy: he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch.

A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point in the darkness and broadens upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it! But in finding the enemy the battle ship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster cannot keep the range of the onrushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off—almost near enough to be attacked. Yet a little closer, and the intrepid pigmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat, and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a wheel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious if the brave little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come! A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short, hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn a dull, heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes upward toward the black clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of the guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glistening foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the deep is conquered by his pigmy antagonist.—John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

John Watson, of Pennsylvania, desired a wife, and went to the barge office in New York to find her. He discovered a pretty immigrant girl, and at once proposed marriage, but she declined to accept him unless he would also find a husband for the girl who accompanied her. As Watson had not a full line of husbands in stock he was compelled to look elsewhere.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMAN CARNAGE.

Slaughter of 2,250,000 Lives in Wars of the Last Thirty Years.

In time of peace the statisticians count the cost of war in men and money, which does not seem, however, to have any effect whatsoever in the way of prevention. The fact is neither governments nor peoples want war in the abstract, though there always exist latent jealousies and hatreds and the desire for advantages which war alone brings that render it possible at any moment. You cannot make governments count their dead beforehand, though it is easy enough to count them afterward; while as for the prospective debt, a nation assumes it in advance as coolly as a farmer places a mortgage on his farm.

According to the estimates of French and German statisticians there have perished in the wars of the last thirty years 2,500,000 men, while there has been expended to carry them on no less than the inconceivable sum of $13,000,000,000. Of this amount France has paid nearly $3,500,000,000 as the cost of the war with Prussia, while her loss in men is placed at 155,000. Of these 80,000 were killed on the field of battle, 36,000 died of sickness, accidents or suicide and 20,000 in German prisons, while there died from other causes enough to bring the number up to the given aggregate. The sick and wounded amounted to 477,421, the lives of many thousands of whom were doubtless shortened by their illness or injuries.

According to Dr. Roth, a German authority, the Germans lost during the war 60,000 men killed or rendered invalid and $600,000,000 in money, this being the excess of expenditure or of material losses over the $1,250,000,000 paid by France by way of indemnity.

Dr. Engel, another distinguished German statistician, gives the following as the approximate cost of the principal wars of the last thirty years: Crimean war, $2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, $300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, $35,000,000; war of the rebellion, north $5,100,000,000, south $2,300,000,000; Prusso-Austro war of 1866, $330,000,000; Russo-Turkish war, $125,000,000; South African wars, $8,770,000; Afghan war, $13,250,000; Servo-Bulgarian war. $176,000,000.

All these wars were murderous in the extreme. The Crimean war, in which few battles were fought, cost 750,000 lives, only 50,000 less than were killed or died of their wounds, north and south, during the war of the rebellion. The figures, it must be remembered, are German, and might not agree precisely with American estimates. The Mexican and Chinese expeditions cost $200,000,000 and 65,000 lives.

There were 250,000 killed and mortally wounded during the Russo-Turkish war, and 45,000 each in the Italian war of 1859 and the war between Prussia and Austria. In the other wars the loss of life was relatively less, which did not make either the men or money easier to part with in the more limited areas where they occurred.

And this is but a part of the accounting, since it does not include the millions expended during the last twenty years in maintaining the vast armaments of the European powers, the losses caused by the stoppage of commerce and manufactures, and the continual derangement of industries by the abstraction from useful employment of so many millions of persons held for a period of military service extending from three to five years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Clever Act.

"Don't pick it up, Alice; its ruined beyond redemption," said one of two ladies to the other while about to cross Fulton street at Broadway, on a recent rainy day. The younger of the two had dropped a dainty cambric handkerchief into the black mud of the gutter.

"Nonsense, Amelia," replied the young lady; "do you think I'm going to leave it there?" But before she could reach it a young man pushed through the crowd and dexterously lifted the handkerchief from its miry bed. He gave it a shake that made it shed some of the mud, and while the ladies looked on in gratified surprise he took an envelope out of his pocket and deftly inserting the bit of cambric handed it to the younger lady. Then with a bow he disappeared in the hurrying throng. After the ladies had crossed the street Alice glanced at the envelope and exclaimed: "Amelia, there's an address on it." If Alice is romantic the young man may regain his envelope inclosed in a scented note of thanks, and then—who knows?—New York Times.

Jay Gould and the Cranks.

Mr. Gould has some difficulty in keeping out of the way of the cranks, dangerous and not dangerous, who hang about his office door. They come for all purposes, from slaying him to interesting him in flying machines and other enterprises. One day a crank wrote to warn him that he would be shot if he did not put up the stock market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This crank's letter had scarcely been read before another was received warning him that he would be shot if he did not put down the market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Whichever way the market went he was bound to be killed, and the dilemma amused Mr. Gould more than anything that had occurred in a long time.—Interview in New York Sun.

Cheap.

Clambake—Great schemes, those machines. I dropped in a nickel the other day and weighed Susie Jones. She weighs exactly 130.

Punjab—I think that's pretty contemptible.

Clambake—Contemptible! Why?

Punjab—To give a girl a weigh for five cents.—America.

The Lady or the Mitten?

Jack Hustle—Will you marry me?

Rita Rustle—This is so sudden—give me time.

Jack Hustle—You can't afford to waste any more time. You must be 26 now. Say yes, Rita.—Puck.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3628 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilsauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M E McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1092 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 293 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmar, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; P Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 5644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; B P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagobarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGaan, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 443 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.
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County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

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Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depurster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 392 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 446 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st, the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweepey, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 285 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Reserve av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3139 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V. P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Malehey; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3754 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3931 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoegehan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P., J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas. Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1036 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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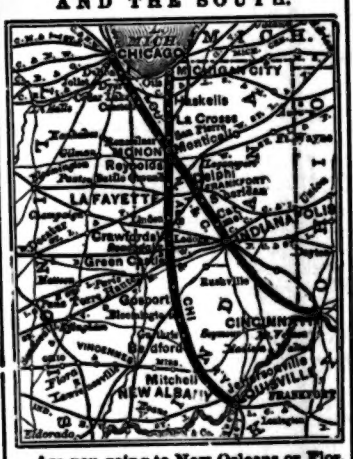

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Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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